CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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ANNALS of the Medical Profession record several cases of lost memory and identity. Imagine the situation of a distinct dividing line between a man's life—in fact two distinct lives in one collection of years. This is the most fascinating circumstance about which Charles Cabot has written the gripping mystery novel, "*The Gregory Morton Mystery*," the first episode of which is presented to our readers in this issue of CANADA MONTHLY. As will be noted in this instalment, the memory of the leading character, regarding his previous life, is absolutely blank. The author tells us he wrote this story through to the end without settling in his own mind just how the mystery would be solved. In this way he has held the mystery feature with tense interest straight through to the last chapter. As indicated in this month's instalment the man of mystery regains conciousness while confined at a sanitarium. Bit by bit and piece by piece he takes up the thread of his past life, but always that elusive question "Who am I" remains unsolved. Just at the point where some new discovery is made regarding his past life, and where it appears the whole story will be unfolded, a new circumstance suddenly develops which throws new mystery around the case and compels a search in an entirely different quarter for the missing identity. The editors believe that this is the strongest dual personality story that has ever been presented to the Canadian Public.

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"So you want a position in my firm ?" said the merchant to the applicant. "Well, what were you in your last job ?"

"A doer, sir," answered the sad-eyed applicant.

"What's that ?" asked the employer.

"Well, sir," said the sad-eyed one, "I was the doer and the rest were the tellers. When my guv'nor wanted a thing done he would tell the cashier, the cashier would tell it to the bookkeeper, and the bookkeeper would tell it to his assistant, his assistant would tell it to the chief clerk, and the chief clerk would tell it to me."

"And what would happen then ?"

"Well, sir," replied the sad-eyed applicant, "as I hadn't got anyone to mention it to I'd go and do it."

—

Music hath charms, right enough: but the inhabitants of a certain shabby street were fed up with "The Lost Chord," as tangled up by a wandering cornet player.

He paused, waiting for the pennies which came not. Then, with a sigh, he licked his lips and began again, this time on "White Wings." Two seconds later a window was banged up, and, instead of the expected copper, a chair leg was flung at his head, missing him by half an inch.

As he gazed in stupefied wonder round him, another window opened, and a voice said, warningly:

"I wouldn't give 'em any more 'White Wings' 'ere, if I was you, mate. The bloke wot lives in that 'ouse 'as just come out o' jail for pigeon stealin' an' 'e ain't fond 'o that tune !"

—

A Swede was being examined in a case in a Minnesota town where the defendant was accused of breaking a plateglass window with a large stone. He was pressed to tell how big the stone was, but he could not explain.

"Was it as big as my fist ?" asked the Judge, who had taken over the examination from the lawyers in the hope of getting results.

"It ban bigger," the Swede replied.

"Was it as big as my two fists ?"

"It ban gbiger."

"Was it as big as my head ?"

"It ban about as long, but not so thick," replied the Swede amid the laughter of all but the Judge.

He was a very small boy. Paddy was his dog. Paddy was nearer to his heart than anything on earth. When Paddy met swift and hideous death on the turnpike road his mother trembled to break the news. But it had to be, and when he came home from school she told him simply:

"Paddy has been run over and killed."

He took it very quietly; finished his dinner with appetite and spirits unimpaired. All day it was the same. But five minutes after he had gone up to bed there echoed through the house a shrill and sudden lamentation. His mother rushed upstairs with solicitude and sympathy.

"Nurse says," he sobbed, "that Paddy has been run over and killed."

"But, dear, I told you that at dinner, and you didn't seem to trouble at all."

"No; but—but I didn't know you said Paddy. I—I thought you said daddy."

~

He was a wily old lawyer, and had instructed his client, accused of theft, to weep whenever he struck the desk with his hand.

In the heat of his argument, however, he struck the desk at the wrong moment. His client promptly began to sob with great energy.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the judge severely.

"He told me to cry when he struck the desk," said the prisoner, as she lifted a pair of dry eyes from her handkerchief.

A laugh immediately rang round the room, but the lawyer was not abashed.

"It is not possible," he said, when the laughter had subsided, "that anyone here can reconcile the idea of crime with such candor and simplicity."

~

The speaker was W. B. Trites, the Philadelphia novelist.

"The German idea of God is a puzzle to me—as much a puzzle to me as Mrs. Malaprop's idea of naivete.

"Mrs. Malaprop and I were discussing a beautiful young girl.

"'What I regard as the most conspicuous thing about her,' I said, 'is her naivete.'

Mrs. Malaprop flushed slightly.

"'Yes, poor thing,' she said. 'I wonder what made her get such a tight one?'"

~

Two farmers met in town a day or two after a cyclone had visited that particular neighborhood.

"She shook things up pretty bad out at my place," said one meditatively.

"By the way, Hi," he added, "that new barn o' yourn get hurt any?"

"Well," drawled the other, "I dunno. I haven't found it yet."

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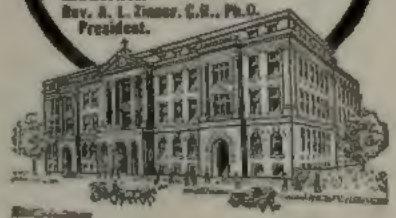

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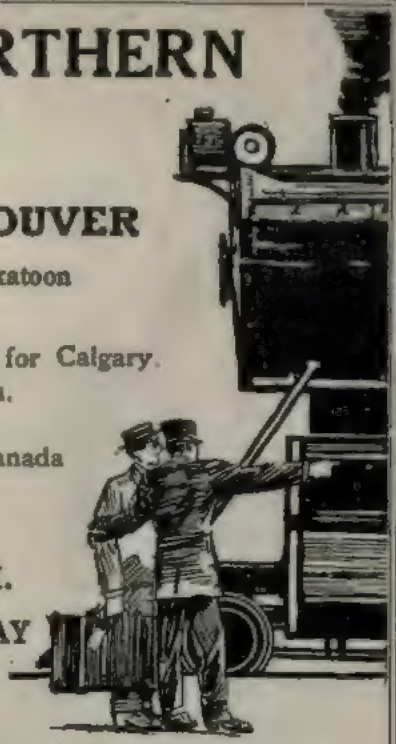

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At a dinner party DeWolf Hopper had finished his speech, and as he sat down a lawyer arose, shoved his hands deep into his trousers pockets—as was his habit—and laughingly inquired:

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional comedian should be funny?"

When the laughter that greeted this sally had subsided, DeWolf Hopper drawled out:

"Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pocket?"

~

Sir Frederick Bridge, the popular organist of Westminster Abbey, is well known for his jovial good humor. At times, however, and under provocation, he can mingle a trace of acid quality with his wit.

An instance of this occurred during a rehearsal of one of Dvorak's operas, containing "The Chorus in Hell.' This particular number was not rendered to Sir Frederick's satisfaction, despite his repeated admonitions to the male voices.

Finally, throwing down his baton, in despair, the irate conductor exclaimed: "Really, gentlemen, you ought to make it sound more like the real thing.

~

The fat man was sprawled on the end seat in the open street car. Three people stumbled and pushed past him. The fourth passenger was a quiet looking little man who had a hard time forcing his way through to a seat. The little man sat down beside the fat man on the end and took a sack of peanuts out of his pocket. He offered the sack to the fat man and said: "Have some?"

"Naw," replied the fat man. "What do I want with peanuts?"

"Better take some," insisted the little man. "They are the finest things in the world for fattening hogs."

~

"That automobile I bought a year ago has never cost me a cent for repairs."

"You're lucky."

"Oh, I don't know. You see, I ran it into a stone wall the first day I had it and sold what was left of the machine for junk."

~

You can please the other fellow best by lending a hand instead of giving advice.

To and fro marched the sentry before the gate of a certain field—so many paces this way, and then the same number the other.

A man, almost as broad as he was long, approached the marching figure and addressed him as follows:

"I say, my man, can I go through here?"

The sentry paused in his perambulations to gaze at the ponderous figure of his questioner. Then he replied:

"Well, I don't exactly know, sir, but a cartload of hay managed to get through this morning."

—

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed an elderly lady to a laborer who surrendered his seat in a crowded car—"thank you very much!"

"That's only right, mum," was the rejoinder.

As the lady sat down the chivalrous laborer added:

"Wot I ses is, a man never ort to let a woman stand. Some men never gets up unless she's pretty, but you see, mum, it don't make no difference to me!"

—

A farmer, asked if his horses were well matched, replied: "Yes, they are matched first-rate. One of them is willing to do all the work and the other is willing he should."

—

The town-hall was packed. Not a place was vacant, and the village audience followed the heroine's tribulations with bated breath.

She was having a terrible time. In the space of five short minutes she was nearly run over by a mad horse, bitten by a mad dog, and drowned in a mad mill-rush. And she escaped these things only to fall finally into the hands of the vaunting villiain.

The audience strained forward as the villain led her to a lonely cave, and cast her into the presence of a huge gorilla.

"R-r-r-revenge at last!" muttered villain.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried the heroine, as the gorilla approached, with a maleovlent grimace, "Oh, what shall I do?"

It was too much. The strain could not be borne any longer. In a frenzy of excitement, a member of the audience rose from his seat, clapped his hands to his mouth and shouted:

"Chuck 'im a nut, miss!"

—

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VOL. XXI.
NO. 2

CANADA MONTHLY

LONDON
DEC.

Christmas for Craggs

By Hugh S. Eayrs

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

WE had not much of a battalion. Everybody laughed at us, and we gradually came to regard ourselves with much the same cynicism. We were indeed the Down-and-Outs. I never remember seeing such a bunch of castaways, such an aggregation of human derelicts massed together in any one company before. The —th, such of it as remained when I joined, recruited under the somewhat grand name of Loamshire Yeomen, was the queerest assortment of human flotsam and jetsam it has ever been my lot to see. All the rest laughed at us from the time we were cut away from the half battalion comprising more or less average good fellows till the time of which I am telling, when, after what Craggs had dubbed "this 'ere maldimer," we reached France. We were supposed to be infantry. The first part of the word suited us down to the ground. A lot of infants we were. Our drilling was a crime, and what the authorities ever imagined we were going to do in France I don't know.

We had all sorts in our make-up, from "lifers" down to ordinary common garden topers. Someone with a supposed sense of humor parodied our regimental name, and called us "Late Yeggmen."

And of all the bedraggled bunch the most outstanding was Craggs. I shall never forget the day I saw him first. I had transferred from another Canadian battalion, after being in England for some time, to the —th, because I heard they might be going to France pretty soon. I had not heard much about them before my transfer went through, though I knew that what I was joining was really the leftovers from the original —th. Leftovers is putting it nicely. They were the discards.

I WAS sitting in my tent writing a letter when someone opened the flap and hailed me.

"'Ello, son'

I turned round. I beheld the oddest figure. He was a man of about forty, possibly more than that. He had the

curious walrus mustache which is some men's misfortune, and it dropped in such a way that it added to one's first impression of a dour looking face, as if its owner held life to be a very blue and altogether cheerless affair. A pair of eyes looked cunningly at me. They were small. I think writer-men refer to them as "beady." They were bleary and watery. The head was small, and bullet-shaped. The height of the man was about five feet four, and the quartermaster had rigged him up in the worst misfit of a uniform in the stores. The tunic was too short, and three inches of skinny wrist peeped out from each sleeve, while the trousers were turned up, disclosing thick wool socks and filthy boots. How their owner got away with it on parade I don't know.

"Craggs is my nyme" he ventured. "'Ave yer got a fillin' for an old bloke's pipe."

I handed him my pouch.

"Writing' 'ome, mebbe."

"Why yes" I answered. "They don't know in Toronto that I have switched to the —th yet, so I'm telling them."

"Ah!" The monosyllable was shortened by a violent fit of hiccough, index to how Craggs had been putting in his last half hour.

"I never writes 'ome" said he, balancing his squat and ugly frame on a little camp chair I had. "No. Never."

He paused. I looked up at him. His face, unfortunate as it was from points of features, had, I noticed, an expression of defiant gloom and sadness which I came to know well. It wore the look of a man who didn't care, who never could be got to care, again.

"How's that?"

'Ain't got none" he volunteered. And he began to sing. "I ain't got no 'ome, nor nor plyce to go."

"No," he said more quietly, "nor no one to give a damn about me. There ain't a soul—"

"Isn't there anyone, anywhere, do you mean to say, to whom you write and who writes to you? Don't you ever get any letters?"

He gave vent to a wheezy cackle, implying, I supposed, a desire to laugh.

"Not even from my private sec—sec—secretary." He finally got the word out and cackled again ironically. "Didn't you ever notice that all the blokes in this 'ere merry little party gets some mail now and then? (He pronounced it mile"). But, I 'member now, you're a new 'un, ain't you?"

I told him I'd just joined the battalion.

"Well, you watch when the fellow brings round the letters, there ain't never none fer me. Nobody gives a damn about an old blighter like me." He paused again. "Leastways, there is someone somewhere, but I never 'ears, no," and he swore an oath, "no, and I don't want ter".

But his looks belied his words.

I was interested in his story. Gradually I coaxed it out of him, that is from a certain point to the present. I wanted to know how he had come to join up. I asked him.

"Matey" he said, in a hoarse, confidential whisper, "I jyned up when I was drunk."

"Oh, you do take a drink now and then?"

I don't know why I teased him. He was somewhat shamefaced for a moment.

"I tykes it when I can get it, from "bryking dawn to dewy heve," he said. "And the harmy would never 'ave got me if I 'adn't been so soused that I wasn't aware I was walking into a tent and being ex-ex-amined." Again he spluttered over the word.

"My! I 'ad a lovely bun on," he added, reminiscing.

"Hit was in Montreal. I'd been there for some time and I was a-listenin' to some of they recruiters one night, and afore I knew it I was servin' 'is Majesty, God bless 'im."

I paused and waited for more.

"We drilled and trained over there, and then we comes over to Lunnon, and then we gets 'ere and that's my 'istory."

"Well, you're going to do your bit, the same as the rest of us."

"'ell, yes." He chuckled to himself. "When we gets up to the Front I'm goin ter to what I can. And if I doesn't get through, well, it won't 'urt nobody."

He broke off and looked around the tent, leaned forward and borrowed a match from the upturned box which was my writing desk, and asked. "'Ave yer got a drop o' somethin' ter drink?"

"Oh, you don't want to drink. You've had lots already."

"Matey, the drink's all I cares about now. And if I can't get that I goes to pieces."

I told him I thought that if he did get it he wouldn't go anywhere else, but finally I gave him some brandy and he gulped it down and left me.

A CORPORAL with whom I got acquainted—we were soon firm friends—told me something more about him. It appears that while the —th was still in Montreal, Craggs turned up on an average of one out of every two parades "dead to the wide." It was the same at Valcartier. No matter to what means he had to resort, Craggs got the stuff for which he craved and the result was a perennial state of intoxication.

"At first it didn't fase on the bosses" said my informant. "We had such a godless crew and half the men were drunk day after day. Small punishments were all that came Craggs's way. On board, coming over to England, however, he was never sober, and two days out from St. John he was put in irons, and remained under guard till we touched Plymouth. He didn't seem to care. When we docked and he was released, he greeted the bunch cheerfully enough and almost the first moment asked someone to give him a drink."

At Bramshott, he was just as bad; the few hours spent in London were time enough for him to feed his vice, and he was drunk when he fell in for the journey to the camp. The thing began to get serious pretty soon. One of the officers, a whole-souled, democratic youngster who was a lieutenant took Craggs aside and offered a few platitudinous suggestions as to him "pulling himself together."

"I will, s'elp me, sir," he said. But that night he was soaking again.

"They thought that taking half his pay away would help some" the corporal told me. "Over here, as you know, they limit our money and put some by for us. Craggs couldn't assign any of this for he had no chick or child or next of kin of any sort, judging by his papers. He had still several shillings a week, and finally the paymaster stopped this on him. All the time he was getting "puni drill." All the time his pay was being docked. "C. C. for two weeks," and "fourteen days' pay" were sentences, one of which or both Craggs was in a continual state of undergoing. But after two weeks *confined to camp*, during which he was of necessity sober, he would celebrate his first day in town by one glorious, mad drunk."

"We got over to France, and it was just the same. He would slip off with his six or seven francs into the village of E....., and return shot full of bad brandy or worse rum. I remember the first pay he got in France. We were behind the lines of course, and drilling and training all we knew. The more discerning among us never really fancied we'd ever get to the actual front. The boys—I hate to admit it—are such a lot of bums, as you must have found out by now. However we went on getting ready. One morning we turned out pretty early, and the last man to parade was Craggs."

"You're late," the sergeant told him curtly. "Fall in."

"All ri', my old scout" mumbled Craggs, and the sergeant heard him. For some reason or other the junior sub, was on hand that morning, and he

questioned the sergeant about Craggs. The sergeant did his darnedest to cover the thing up, but Craggs heard his name mentioned. He walked unsteadily out of the lines, and up to the lieutenant.

" 'S anything wrong wi' me, sir ?"

"Hiccoughs cut off anything further."

"You're drunk and you're damned drunk, said the officer."

"Craggs leered across at him, then clapped him on the shoulder.—'Jealous ?' he asked."

"For that he got fourteen days *first field punishment.* Also they stopped his pay altogether, every nickel of it. I wondered how Craggs, punished and weakened by the constant drinking of years, would stand F. F. P. He came back looking like a corpse at the end of the time."

"From that time on, the only booze he's got hold of has been begged from any of us. I have never given him a thing, although I think he's worse off as a soldier without it than he would be with it. But I won't let him have a drop through me. You'll be wise if you take the same stand."

A FEW nights later, I went into my tent and pulled on my great coat and fastened myself up to the chin. I was on night guard. I was preparing to go out.

"Fall in" came from the sergeant-major, and I opened the flap. A hand tucked at my sleeve.

"Matey." It was Craggs talking. "The myle hasn't come yet, 'as it ?"

"Haven't seen it."

"Well, get him to tell you if there's a letter fer me, matey. I'll slip out of bed and come and ast you."

"Why, Cragg" I answered. "There's never any for you. I believe, by your anxiety over the mail this way, day after day, you've got a girl somewhere you expect to write to. Who is she ? Dark or fair ?"

"Don't kid me."

His face, in the half light bleareyed and besotten, took on a softer glance.

"Jest find out fer me, guv'nor, and I'll creep out and ast you."

It was a filthy night. Rain was sheeting down. It had rained steadily for months though this was only September. A nasty, biting wind swept across that plain and cut me to the raw, and as I marched down the line I heard a raucous voice from some tent behind me singing "I want to go 'ome across the sea, where the Germans they can't get at me."

The sentiment found its echo in my mind just then. Bye and bye, I heard the heavy tramping and floundering of someone through the mud and slime. It was the postman, laden with bags of mail. He dumped them down near me, and searched through one lot till I came back to him in my march.

"Letter, Hughes," he said, and handed me a packet.

"Say, Craggs wants to know particularly whether or no there's one for him," I said.

The postman laughed harshly. "That bloomin' fool is always expecting of a letter, and 'e never gets none. Who'd write to the likes o' 'im, I'd like ter know ?"

"Sye."

There was no doubting that Cockneyed Americanism. Craggs appeared from out of the blank, and came upon both the postman and I.

"Nothin' fer me?" he asked the postman.

"Not a thing !"

Pause.

"Sure you've looked all through?" hazharded Craggs dolefully and somewhat hesitatingly.

The postman was rather rattled by the lateness of the hour and the dirty weather. He turned on him quickly.

"I told yer once, and that'senough." he bellowed. "Now get back out o' this. You're not supposed to be 'ere at all."

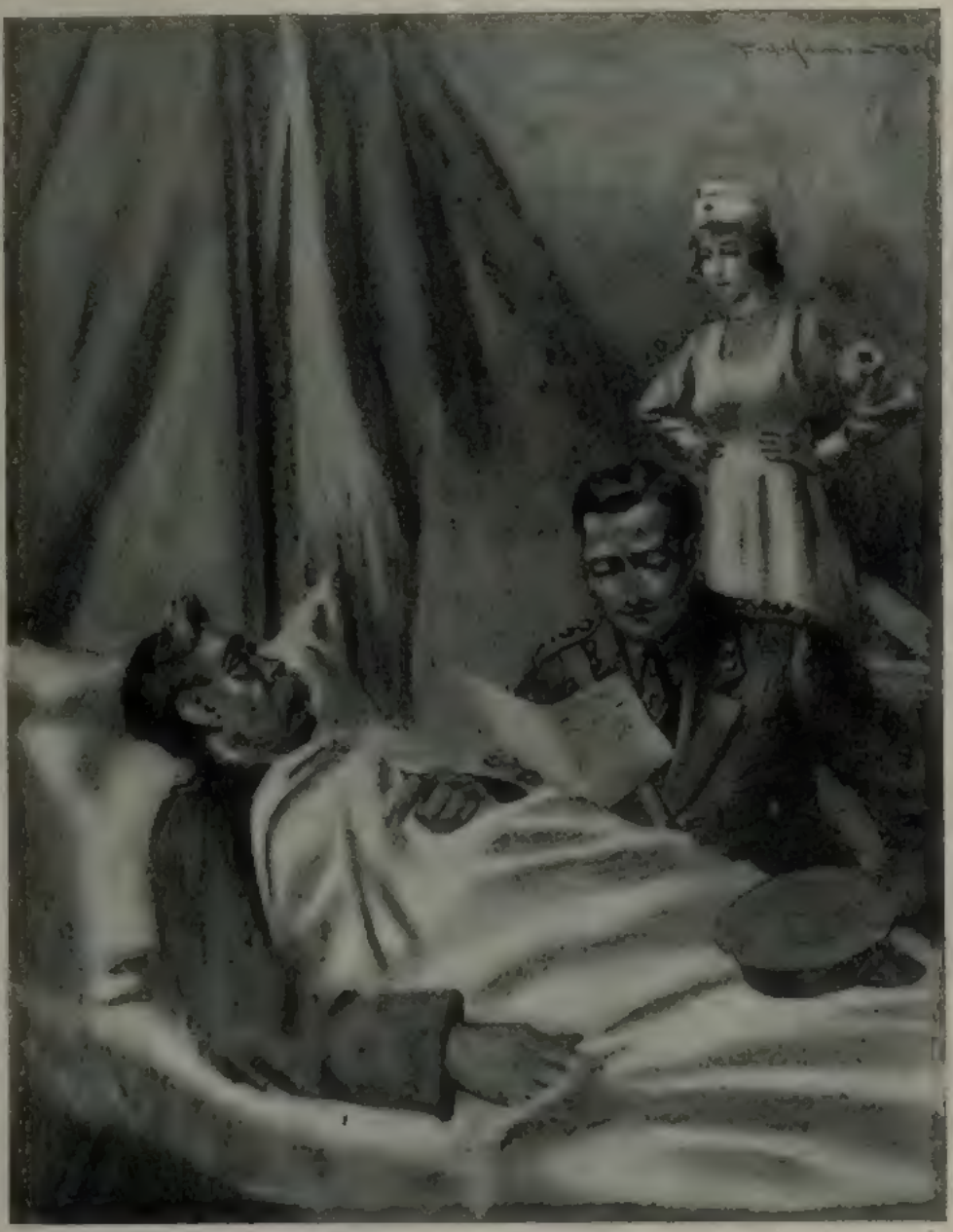
Craggs slunk away, a little, misshapen, drink-governed figure.

The postman was gathering up his traps.

"It's pretty tough for him, you know" I said. "Christmas will soon be here, and that chap will have a pretty thin time. No one at all in the bunch that I know of but will have at least a Christmas card, if nothing else. Craggs won't have a thing."

The corporal snorted.

"He don't deserve it" he said. "He don't ever think about anything but the booze. He's the worst down-and-outer in this 'ere lot, and that's going



"Nothing, old fellow. Listen"

some. Still," and he looked up at me, "he won't have much of a Christmas at that, will he."

"Not unless we fix it to give him one."

"Ow's it ter be done ?"

We both of us thought. The corporal hit me over the shoulder.

"I know" he said. "We can frame it up. We can advertise or somethin', can't we."

"You mean in one of the newspapers back in Blighty ?"

"Yes. Couldn't we get a notice into one of 'em, and get the replies sent to poor old Craggs ?"

"I'll think it over. Two or three of us could get together and frame up something" I said. "*The Daily News* or the *Chronicle* over there would take a small ad, and we could have the replies come to Craggs. Keep it dark, though."

TRAMPING up and down there that night I had ample opportunity to figure out the details. It would have to be so arranged that the replies to the ad. we put in must come direct to Craggs himself. For any of us to sail up and hand him a bunch of parcels for Christmas would create suspicion in his mind. If, however, they came to him after the postman on duty called his name, he would believe they had come to him direct, though doubtless he wouldn't understand how and why and from whom.

We had about three weeks time. Next night, in my tent, I fixed up an ad. for the *News*, Here it is. I humbly beg forgiveness for the stretching of my imagination in what I think was a mighty good cause.

Wanted, Christmas for Craggs! Boer veteran, friendless and alone. Doing duty with the —th, C. E. F. Letters more desirable than gifts, but both would be most desirable. Send packages and cards to Box —, Daily News.

But that wasn't enough. I knew little about the men who had charge of this kind of advertising in dailies, but I took a chance and wrote to the Manager, Box Ads. Daily News, Bouverie Street, London. I told him the details in the case. Craggs never had such a testimonial, for mine made him out a hero of the highest order. I played up his loneliness, and finished with a plea that someone should make sure that the letters and parcels which came for him were all addressed personally, particularly the letters. And the personal touch must be there.

I read the letter over, and I called in my corporal friend and also the postman.

The latter was not totally sanguine.

"Strike me pink !" he said, scratching his grizzled head. "That are a littery composition. It'll either bring so many parcels that I'll bryke my back under 'em, or else the manager of the box department will get 'spicious and think this 'ere's some Deutsche scheme for sending him dynamite in several parcels to blow up the orfice of the Noos."

However, we despatched the letter and the ad. and a money order to pay for the latter and awaited results.

The three of us were very impatient. We could hardly wait till nearly Christmas to see the result of our scheme. Meanwhile, Craggs continued in his drinking. It upset me a good deal, for I had taken a fancy to the old soaker, and he had attached himself to me for some reason or other, and would get paternal and pleading by turns, according to whether he was discussing details of our service out here or begging for a drink. He would do anything to get the drink. One of the fellows had some bay rum with which he used to annoint and carefully tend what remaining hair he had. Craggs sneaked into his tent one night and swiped the stuff, being terribly drunk first and frightfully sick shortly afterwards. Every day he got worse. I had heard of men who simply cannot do without the drink but Craggs was the first sample I had ever proven.

TWO days before Christmas, the bags of mail came in. I shall never forget that scene. The corporal doing duty was still the one who had cooperated with me and the other corporal in fixing up Christmas for Craggs. the bunch became aware that mail was in and they flocked to his tent. Of course it was raining; it had never stopped for three months. The men turned up and crowded round the opening of the tent, huddling and pushing, and enlivening the occasion with quotations of a music hall ditty of years ago.

"Good morning, Mister Postman. Have you got any letters for me ?" and varying things with cheap wit and empty cursing.

There was a big bunch of mail to deliver. Everybody seemed to have something or other.

"Plug from my old brown jug" exclaimed one, when he opened his package. He was a brewer's teamster from Houndsditch, and his better half was thought of by him in terms of his trade.

"Fags. They seems to 'ave come direct from London Hengland 'ere, but I sees there's a letter from London, Ontario," said another, a man who obviously had spent some time in Canada.

There were hundreds of packages. Mince pies, Christmas puddings, underwear, boots, baccy, cigarettes, candy, gum, cakes—some of them hardened to slabs. It took a long time to get through. I began to wonder what had happened to our scheme. I had had no chance to speak to the corporal-postman before he announced the mail. Supposing my letter and ad. had never reached the *News* ? Supposing it had been lost in the office ? Supposing—

"Private Craggs. No. 121211." The corporal's voice could have been heard for miles away.

A queer huddled form beside me emitted a hoarse, and, as usual, beery "That's me."

"'ere, packages and letters galore."

He held up a big sack. Everybody crowded forward to see what the joke was. Craggs had no illusions.

"Garn" he muttered, "A'stringing' of a poor old blighter this wye. Packages and letters galore !"

He was profoundly sarcastic, and a roar went up from the fellows. He edged away from the postman's tent, whither he had pushed himself, but I stopped his progress, for I had caught the postman's eye.

"He's not stringing you, Craggs. He's on the level. That mail bag is yours. Go get it."

Craggs wouldn't believe me yet, and he looked up plaintively into my face for all the world like a cur that has been kicked by everyone but his master and then finds even him against him.

"Go get it, I say."

And with that I pushed him forward. He walked back with a bag about as big as himself. All the fellows crowded round, and eyed him curiously. One of my fellow conspirators and I stood on either side of him.

"Open it, Craggie." "Nah then, Santy Clause, wot yer got ?" "Who is she ?" and many other ribald cries greeted it. Loud and persistent was the demand that he open it. But we spirited him away to his own tent and shut him in, there to discover for himself the wealth of his Christmas. He was too speechless to say anything. For he was assured now that the bag was his. It was an old mail bag, and across it in great flaring letters was written "Private Craggs." The postman had sealed it at the mouth. And I had made myself blue in the face telling him it was on the level.

LATE that night, I was again on guard duty, and tramping up and down that boggy, sodden ground. I felt somewhat the eerie quality of the night, and was startled to hear a low whistle.

"Who goes there ?"

"It's me, my son" came the reply. "I sneaked out ter you. Look at that."

He shoved a letter into my hand, and struck a match and guarded it till I read it over. His face, lined and hard, was softened to-night and I won-

Continued on page 113.

Canada's Place in the Moving Picture World

By R. T. Griswold

Illustrated from Photographs

Canada's picturesque scenery lends the best settings for a large portion of the photo-plays now being made by the big producers

"MARY PICKFORD is America's greatest screen actress" said a movie fan the other day in a friendly confab in one of Toronto's leading hotels. This fan happened to be a Yankee and the way in which he said *America's greatest* forced me to remark:

"If you mean by *America's greatest*, Canada's greatest, we'll grant that you are right."

"Mary Pickford a Canadian?" The Yankee was rather taken aback. They are so in the habit across the line of taking credit for everything.

Fortunately for me, for I was just burning with a desire to squelch the brag from this Yankee, I spied Terry Ramsaye, publicity director for the Mutual Film Corporation, walking through the hotel lobby. He soon settled the matter.

"The United States cannot claim Miss Pickford" Terry told us, "for she is a Canadian and is mighty proud of it. There are a large number of film stars now being featured by the larger producing companies who speak of 'back home' as somewhere in Canada. Quite a few of the scenes from the more prominent photo dramas brought out in the last six months have been staged right out here in your inimitable Canadian scenery. I should say that all told Canada was more than holding her own in the moving picture world."

Canada's position in the motion picture world is unique. With scarcely an important producing company in the Dominion, yet she has contributed some of the greatest stars, if not the very greatest players of the screen.

Her players are scattered throughout the United States, the home of a thousand and one companies, great companies, medium companies, small companies, fly-by-night companies. But in the best companies her stars have reached the ascendancy.

It is only necessary to mention Mary Pickford, the queen of the "movies," who heads her own company, Lotta and Jack Pickford, Richard C. Travers of Essanay, Charlotte Burton, who calls London, Ont., "back home," Florence La Badie, who was born in Montreal and Huntly Gordon, also of Montreal. There are dozens of others.

The cinema also has drawn largely on Canadian literature for its plays. The works of Sir Gilbert Parker, Arthur Stringer, Ralph Connor and innumerable others have been picturized. Mr. Stringer is the author of the novel from which "The Iron Claw" was produced. Another of his works, "The Breakers," now is in the process of production by the Essanay company.

It also has been discovered that Canada's picturesque territory lends the best settings for a large portion of photoplays made and companies are constantly making excursions across the border from the United States to take pictures, getting beautiful and realistic settings.

Companies are also coming to Canada for their scenic pictures, the Es-

Charlotte Barton

sanay company alone having taken more than 10,000 feet of scenics in the Dominion. Among the scenes taken were winter sports at Quebec, including curling, hockey, skiing, tobogganning, sledding and skating; scenes of the Canadian Rockies, of Nova Scotia, New Brusnwick, and the Nipigon region.

The following interesting story of the Pickfords is told by a Torontonian, who was a school-mate of Mary.

"Mary's name was Gladys Smith. She was born on the 8th of April, 23 years ago, at 211 University Avenue. Her father, John C. Smith, ran a buffet on a lake boat. Her mother was, before her marriage, a Miss Charlotte Hennessy and quite well-known in Toronto for her beauty and for cleverness with her needle.

"The Smiths lived on St. Vincent street for a while, where I believe Lotta was born. Then they moved to 81 Walton street, which was the birthplace of Jack, the youngest member of the famous Pickfords. The last-named place is but a shack now, but in those days it was a nice little cottage and was surrounded by (now the ward) a respectable, clean and pretty residential district. The Smith's cottage had a picket fence in front, enclosing two lilac trees, one on either side of the path. The place was always kept clean and tidy, and though small, was homelike and comfortable. They were not well to do, but what they lacked in money they had twice over in love and happiness and beautiful children. Each summer they spent at Lewiston, so Mr. Smith could spend Sunday with them.

"Their next home was at 17 Walton street, where Mr. Smith died, and then for a while they lived on Queen street.

"The Smiths were tenants of ours and friends. When little Jack was born my mother wrapped him in a blanket and took him to be weighed. And we children played together. I much preferred to go for a ride with Jack in his baby carriage than to ride in state in my own.

"When Mr. Smith died, Mrs. Smith, with three small children and no means, pluckily set to work to make a home for them. Mary was a sweet little child—skin like wax, long golden curls, beautiful big hazel eyes, and the same sad little expression that brings tears unbidden to our eyes when we see her now on the screen. Her first part on the stage was Little Eva, and a wistful little girl she played! Her mother taught her her lines by repeating them over and over to her, for Mary was an apt pupil and didn't require long to maker her letter perfect. However, after a short run the truant officer objected; Mary went back to school and Mrs. Smith supported the family by sewing and fancy needlework. Mary says that she used to like to sit on the upturned box cover of her mother's machine and watch her mother sew, and plan what she would do for mother when she was a big girl. I think even Mary's wildest dreams have come true, for her longed-for house with twenty rooms, while not a reality, is with her income an easily obtained possession.

"When an opportunity offered itself Mrs. Smith and the children all went on the stage and left the city with Chauncey Alcott. The subsequent career of Mary Pickford is well known. It is simply a story of a mother's love and work for her children and their rise step by step to fame and fortune. The way was often rough and hard; sometimes the wolf was at the door, but the little family persevered and won. After Mary's long run as Betty Warren in "The Warrens of Virginia," she was without a position, and it is both sad and amusing to hear her tell of the day she applied for a position with her first moving picture concern. She had to get the position or else walk many miles home, as she hadn't any money for car fare. She got a place as an extra and received her salary then—a ten-dollar bill—which was sweeter to her that day than many a thousand now.

"The Pickfords, each one of them, owe a wonderful lot to their dear sweet-faced little mother. To know Mrs. Pickford is to love her—just a frank, motherly lady like her daughters and her son, unspoiled simplicity itself.

"And Mary also owes her life to her mother. When Mary was small she had black diphtheria. The doctor left the house, saying he could do no more for the child. Mary began to choke, and Mrs. Pickford in desperation thrust her hand down the child's throat and tore out a mass of matter and blood. Mary was instantly relieved by this daring act of her mother's and she was soon better again.

"Mary was just the opposite of her sister. She was fair and slender and quiet. Lotta was dark and stout, and a regular tomboy. Mary was always in white, a sweet, dainty little fairy, and Lotta, well she wore big checked "Mother Hubbard" dresses, and I guess it was a task to keep her tidy. When they came to visit us Lotta woud sit and play with the baby (me), while Mary would watch us both with a motherly eye from her dignified place on a chair with her small white hands clasped in her lap. She was a little queen always.

"When I read of Lotta's daring deeds on the screen I recall a deed of long ago that almost brought her a different kind of applause. The corner grocer man had a large keg of oysters outside his store. They were just fresh in, and so the keg was full. Well Lotta dumped it, keg and all, and what a mess, oysters spread all over the dirty wooden sidewalk. When the grocer came out, red with anger, Lotta was half a block away, and still going as fast as her sturdy young legs would carry her. And she didn't venture within sight of that grocer for many a day."

Jerome Travers

Mary Pickford was a sweet little child — skin like wax, long golden curls, big hazel eyes, and the same sad expression that brings tears to our eyes when we see her on the screen

The Pickfords owe a lot to their dear, sweet-faced little mother — just a frank, motherly lady of unspoiled simplicity

AMONG the other great Canadian stars is Richard C. Travers, of Essanay. He came out of the waste places, from the forest wilderness 630 miles north of Winnipeg. He reflects the nature of his early environment. He is quiet, self-mastered, slow to speech and quick to action, the man for the punch, the idealist.

Up to the time he was ten years old, Dick Travers never saw a white woman except his mother. He was born away to the north in the barren places at the headwaters of a little river. His father, a Scot, was the first protestant missionery in the territory and the agent of the Hudson's Bay company. The child grew up with the silent Indians and the inscrutable trappers whose lives made them taciturn and whose daily brushes with death in the open places made them self-contained and danger hungry.

When he was ten years old, he accompanied his father on a wonder trip to Toronto. There he saw white women, many of them, but their presence made him shy and their graces rendered him distrustful. He was used to the silent patient Indian woman. A garrulous woman filled him with wonder and a little shyness. He hasn't lost these attributes yet. He is not a woman's man. There is not a better "mixer" in Chicago. On the Chicago board of trade, in the foyers of the city's clubs, on the street and in the gymnasiums, wherever red blooded men are wont to gather, Dick Travers, actor, erstwhile soldier, physician and adventurer, holds his place smilingly, silent and very much loved.

But women are not a necessity. He is not a drawing-room idol. His ambitions are not along those lines. He is a man's man and woman is a being to be adored at a distance and treated with the utmost deference. But the distance is kept, quietly and smilingly and Travers' love-making is kept within the bounds of the camera.

Nature showered her gifts on Travers. He is one of the best specimens of physical manhood in the country. And to the gift of a good body, Dick added the skill and endurance that he had gained from hard work, the record of which you can read in the sporting annals of the last ten years. Dick Travers stands a little over six feet and weighs 200 pounds. There is no fat on him. He gives the impression of slimness and of a shorter build because of the compactness of his muscles and the broad shoulders and chest that takes away from the illusion of his height.

He is an expert hockey player and played on the Quelph National wanderers, St. Andrew's the New York Hockey Club and the DuQuesne garden teams. He is also an expert polo player and automobile racer and was an entrant in the Vanderbilt Cup Race in 1906.

Travers was attracted to the motion picture game years ago. He was one of the earliest to realize its possibilities as an art and as a factor in the life of the future worlds. Before that he had roved the world, as a soldier in the British army in Africa, as a member of the North-west Mounted Police, as a physician in the heart of a stifling city. But the lure of the far-off places was overcome by the ambition to excel in the silent drama drew him from the untravelled paths and placed him in the Essanay studio.

Travers is a deep student of life and of the factors that go to make up life. His early life and his diversified experiences has enabled him to give the convincing touch to his characterizations that make the finished actor. But whether he takes the part of a clubman, or a trapper, a lover or a man of dreams, he is always Dick Travers, suave, quiet, dignified, the gentleman of the old school.

His hobby is guns and his favorite sports are all those which test the endurance and brings out the grit in a man. That is another result of his early training, you see. A man can't come out of the wilderness and be a weakling. If he were a weakling, he would never come out. His bones would be bleaching somewhere along the unbeaten trail and the buzzards would be croaking requiems on his departed soul.

LONDON, Ontario, is given as the birthplace of Charlotte Burton, charming leading woman appearing in support of William Russell, in a series of five act Mutual Star Productions produced at the studios of the American Film Company, Inc., located in Santa Barbara, California.

Miss Burton attended the London public schools until she was eight years old when her family crossed the border and located in San Francisco. It was at a private school which she attended for several years that Miss Burton became a serious student of the stage. Her work in a number of plays put on by the school's dramatic society attracted the attention of a Western theatrical magnate who made the young girl an offer to join his company then in rehearsal.

Her parents, giving their consent, Miss Burton quit school for the stage. "The Brownies in Fairyland" was the title of the production and the work of Miss Burton in the important part assigned her in the cast quickly won her the recognition of the critics, the public and producers. But, after appearing for several years in juvenile parts, Miss Burton was taken off the stage by her parents and returned to school in San Francisco. It was not until she was seventeen that she again appeared behind the footlights.

Then she played in the support of Nance O'Neil at the old Grand Opera House which was later destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake. The Nordant-Humphrey Company at the McDonough Theatre, in Oakland, across the bay from San Francisco, offered the youthful screen actress exceptional inducements to play ingenue parts, and the following season, with the same management, she captured large audiences in Seattle, Wash. A tour of the principal cities of the West followed, then the Middle Western states, culminating in a successful run in Chicago.

It was immediately after the close of her engagement in Chicago, that Miss Burton was engaged by the American-Mutual studios.

One of her biggest of screen successes was scored as the siren in "The Diamond from the Sky" the American-Mutual photonovel in thirty chapters, for the writing of which Roy McArdell, a newspaper man of New York won a $10,000 cash prize.

It was because of her work in this feature release that Miss Burton was assigned the chief supporting role to Mr Russell in his series of Mutual Star Productions "Soul Mates" a sociological drama, "The Highest Bid" a drama of love and high finance "The Strength of Donald McKenzie," the scenes of which were laid in the North Woods, "The Love Hermit" and "The Torch Bearer" a story founded on newspaper life, are the Mutual Star Productions already released in which Miss Burton has appeared

Miss Burton is a striking brunette, tall and graceful with an exceptional degree of talents. Not yet twenty-two years old, she to-day ranks with the foremost of American emotional actresses and has frequently been sought by Eastern theatrical magnates for important roles in various productions. She prefers, however, to remain in picture work, declaring that she believes the screen offers better opportunities for dramatic work than does the speaking stage.

London, Ontario, still occupies a warm spot in the star's heart and she never misses an opportunity—they are far apart to be sure because of her work—to visit her home town.

"I shall never forget, although I love the United States beyond expression, that I am still a Canadian," said Miss Burton recently. "Canada, particularly London, shall always be my greatest love and I hope some day to return to the other side of the boundary line and make it my home forever."

Continued on page 106.

The Gregory Morton Mystery

By Charles Cabot

Illustrated by George A. Faul

PROLOGUE

From the New York *Planet*

THE control of one of the most important single industrial organizations in this country will pass within the next day or two into the hands of a young man in his early twenties.

He, so far as is generally known, will take up this heavy responsibility with no better equipment for it than is afforded by a large paternal allowance and a dilettante's pursuit of the fine arts in France.

The industry in question is the great ship-building yard of the Morton-Duggleby Company at Cleveport, New Jersey. The practical direction of this company has been for many years in the hands of its second largest stockholder, Mr. Thomas Duggleby, the late Christopher Morton, the holder of the controlling interest, having been for some time inactive.

Under the terms of his will his entire property goes with no restrictions whatever to his son, the present Christopher Morton. The property in question is worth more than a score of millions, and the wisdom and skill with which it is managed is a matter of national concern.

After the lapse of four decades the business of building ships and the flying of the American flag on all the seven seas of the world again bids fair to revive the glorious tradition of the last century. Consequently, it is not an impertinent intrusion into his private affairs to warn young Mr. Morton of the heavy responsibility that rests upon him.

This property is in good hands today. Certainly in stronger and more successful hands than his own. A large part of his inheritance is of a sort that cannot be expressed between a dollar sign and a decimal point He has inherited a name which deserves a large and honorable place in our history among the captains of peace.

If he shall prove negligent of this inheritance and shall allow his own caprice to usurp a better grounded authority, he will have added an argument of no light weight against the unrestricted transferrence of property by bequest.

CHAPTER I.

THE AWAKENING.

AFTER a glance about me I turned to the man who was seated at the other end of the bench. He was dozing in the warm June sun, his pipe dangling from his relaxed jaw.

"I beg your pardon," said I, "may I ask you to tell me where I am?"

I am a man apparently about thirty years old, though it may be that I am younger than I look, but the moment in which I cast that glance around and asked the question of the other occupant of the bench is my earliest conscious memory.

Back of that, except for some hazy, dream-like pictures—back of that is an absolute void. Those pictures I shall speak of in detail presently. They are all I have that afford any hope of success in the vast and almost impossible task that lies before me, all that supply any incentive for attempting the task at all.

I know that some time, perhaps a month, perhaps a year ago—possibly longer than that—a man was lost. A man of education certainly, and, I am inclined to think, a man who occupied no unimportant niche in the world's affairs. That man occupied my body, thought with my mind, was actually myself. It is my task to find him.

I feel as I write this like one who builds a house of cards which a breath or a brush of a careless sleeve may bring to utter wreck. I mean to commit to paper these memories of the past few days and also those pictures, which I hardly dare call memories, in order to have them safe in case that obliterating hand which has once before passed over the tablets of my mind shall come to me again.

I said my task was almost impossible. That statement may have a strange sound. Surely, one would say, I must have friends eager to welcome me back to my old place.

It may be. I have found none yet, and I have found enemies, or an enemy, for the web around me seems to have been woven by one master mind. If so, he will have taken care that no friendly hand shall ever be stretched out to my rescue.

If ever I escape from this cell into which malign chance delivered me—this cell of utter hopeless oblivion—it will be through my own efforts, through shrewdness, courage, and, above all, patience, which I may be able to command in my own behalf.

And why do I do it at all? Why do I—the most hopeless waif in all the world—set out on a campaign so nearly hopeless, so full, as the adventures of the past few days have already shown, of dangers?

Well, my pictures, my dream pictures—I hardly dare call them more than that—are responsible. For among them is a woman, one of the loveliest, I verily believe her to be, of all the world; I see her in a hundred different ways, each one more charming, more alluring than the others.

And when her eyes turn toward me, as again and again they do, there is love in them. To find those eyes, not in my own dim dreams, but somewhere out in God's bright day, I will search the world.

Now I will tell my story.

My question aroused the man on the bench from his doze, but I had to repeat it before he caught its import.

"Can you tell me where I am?" said I

His pipe clattered on the brick-paved path. He straightened up in a flash and looked at me astonished. To give him time to gather his wits I went on talking.

"I suppose I must have been unconscious—or was it worse than that, mad, perhaps? If that's the case this building is an asylum, I suppose. But have I been here long?"

"I can't tell you anything about that," said the man. "I am just a guard. I'll go and call the doctor."

I reflected that it could hardly be so very unusual that even the maddest patient should enjoy an interval of sudden lucidity. That consideration made the guard's astonishment rather hard to account for.

Astonishment, however, was hardly the word to describe the man's emotion. It seemed, now I reflected on it, more like a sort of vicarious alarm. He had bolted around the corner of the building without another word to me.

I rose from my bench, walked away

two or three paces, stretched my arms and looked myself over. I was well dressed; there was no suggestion of a uniform about my clothes and no restriction on my moving about freely. Evidently I had been well taken care of. I raised my hand to my face, and somewhat to my surprise found a beard there.

That was all I could determine about myself for the moment, so I walked a few paces down the path and turned back to look at the building against whose sunny wall we had been sitting.

It gave me, contrary to my expectations, a momentary feeling of pleasure. It was small, one of a group arranged in quadrangular form, and of homelike architecture. If it were an asylum—and so much my guard seemed to have admitted—it was clearly no public institution, and I might be sure that the maintenance of every one of the inmates was handsomely paid for.

That conclusion might well have given me grounds for uneasiness, but for the moment it did not. My mind was taken up with the fact that I had no idea who had been paying for me. In that moment I made my first attempt to recover out of the past my own identity.

My failure did not, just then, greatly alarm me. I was perfectly sane again, of that I felt sure, and the recovery of my memory could only be a matter of hours, possibly moments.

My reflections were interrupted by the return of the guard, evidently in disgrace for having left me to myself, even for so short a time, and vastly relieved to find me standing intact before him. He was accompanied by another man, an individual with an air of authority, whom I took to be the doctor he had gone to seek.

His face, like the guard's, was totally unfamiliar to me, though he had very likely been in constant attendance on me for a long while. I bowed to him.

"Good morning," said I; and then I smiled a little. "Or should I say good afternoon? I have no idea which it is. You are a doctor?" He bowed in assent. "Berry is my name," he said.

"I seem to have astonished your guard somewhat by asking him where I was," I went on, "for he ran off post-haste to find you, without stopping to answer me."

After my first glance at him, I had allowed my eyes to wander from his face to the attractive stretch of well-kept lawn which lay behind, and I did not meet his eye again till I had finished speaking. When I did, I found a look there which concentrated all my faculties at once upon the man himself.

It was gone in a second, but while it lasted it expressed more plainly than my words can the state of mind of a man alarmed and casting about desperately for means to meet an utterly unforeseen contingency; but his face was composed into a look of mere solicitude for my welfare before he spoke.

"I would not trouble about that if I were you," said he. "There is nothing in the world for you to worry about. Look at the sky instead, and see what a day it is. Did you ever see anything finer than the young green on those trees yonder?"

"I share your enthusiasm for the day," said I, "and I am not in the least worried, but I am intensely curious. I will waive the question of where I am, if you're afraid the answer would disturb me, but I would like an answer to another that's a good deal more important. That is, who am I? My memory for the moment seems to be playing tricks with me."

This time I looked at him while I spoke, keen to get what answer I could from his look as well as from his words. A less alert man than I—a blind man—might have understood the effect my question had upon him. He simply gasped with relief, and there flickered in his eye an evil look of perfectly ruthless joy.

"I can answer that question," he said. He was trying to keep a quiver of eagerness out of his voice, but not succeeding very well. "You are a—a house-painter, a sort of odd-job man, employed by the owner of one of the large country estates in this vicinity. You had an accident; a piece of staging gave away, and you fell on your head and have been in a state of semi-consciousness since.

"We were afraid that the only hope for your recovery lay in a serious surgical operation that would endanger your life. The owner of the estate, your employer, a Mr. a—Thompson—does the name bring anything back, by the way?—sent you here to be under our observation, so that we might decide whether an operation were necessary.

"Do you remember it at all now? Does nothing come back to you!"

My first impulse was to laugh in his face. The man was not only lying, he was lying clumsily, desperately, and for a second I was very near betraying the fact that I knew it.

Then, as suddenly as though a warning finger had been laid on my lips, I realized a little of the true peril of my position; realized that I could not afford to waste a single card in the game I found myself called upon to play.

"This sun is a little hot," I said vaguely. "I don't think I want to talk any more now. May I go to my room?"

CHAPTER II

THE CORDS TIGHTEN.

ACTING in the character of a man relapsing into a stupor, I turned abruptly away from them and, blundering a little in my walk, set out for the nearest building. My guard would have been at my side in an instant had not the doctor detained him with an imperative signal.

I heard, as I walked away, the low murmur of voices, that of the doctor betraying, though I could not hear the words, a note of exasperation at the guard's slowness in understanding his instructions.

Presently, however, the man overtook me and, guiding me by the elbow, turned me into the entrance of the building I had set out for.

The broad entrance-hall, with its polished floor and graceful stairway, contained as little suggestion of the purpose to which the building was put as the exterior of it did. I caught a glimpse through a doorway of a number of well-dressed people reading, and heard educated voices carrying on what sounded to me like perfectly normal, casual conversation. Evidently the place was a sanitarium rather than an asylum, in the strict sense of the word.

The guard led me up the stairs. At the head of the first flight, in obedience to an instinct of which I was perfectly unconscious, I hesitated, almost stopped in fact, before a doorway.

"Not there," the guard said sharply. "That ain't where you go."

In a flash I realized that my instinct had been a true one. I had stopped at the door of what had been, up to this time, my room. Affecting not to hear the guard, I opened the door, entered, and blundered into the nearest chair.

I knew, of course, that I should not be allowed to stay there, but I was curious to see in what sort of style I had lived before the doctor had converted me, on the spur of the moment, into a house-painter and odd-job man on a near-by estate.

The room was spacious, luxurious in its appointments, and I caught a glimpse of a white-tiled bath-room opening from it. That was all I had time to see, for the guard pulled me abruptly to my feet.

"Didn't you hear me tell you not to go in there?" he demanded.

I only wagged my head stupidly and went with him quietly enough. He conducted me up two more flights of stairs, quite to the top of the building, where, opening a door, he thrust me unceremoniously into a little cubicle of a room, made up largely of a dormer window, which looked down upon the [redacted]

The room was shabby and none too clean, and I judged that it was usually occupied by one of the servants. The guard seemed nervous lest I should make an attempt to draw him into

conversation, and got out of the room as quickly as he could, locking the door after him.

There was nothing in the place to warrant examination. I opened a closet-door and found it bare. Evidently if I had any clothes besides the ones I had that moment upon my person they were kept somewhere else. I went to the window and looked out.

The first thing I saw was interesting enough. Two men on a hanging stage were busily at work painting the side of the next building. They had been working under the doctor's eye when my guard had rushed up to inform him of my return to consciousness.

They had furnished him with a hint for the lie he had told me, and were, I reflected with a smile, the unconscious and innocent cause of the sudden change in my own estate. The story of the house-painter and odd-job man was going to be lived up to.

My eye traveled past the edge of the building and over the broad sweep of rolling lawn and shrubbery to where the woods began. Getting my eyes focused to the distance, I saw between the trees what I was sure was the boundary wall of the property. It was hard to judge its height from the distance, but I had no doubt it was high enough to make scaling it a difficult, or perhaps impossible, feat, except for an athlete.

I caught myself smiling over the question in my mind whether I was an athlete or not. When I went to bed that night I would know more about that.

The wall had not yet lost its interest for me, however. Looking at it closely, I was sure I made out a fine veil of dust arising above it, and accounted for, on the next favoring slant of wind, by the steady thrum of a motor-car. On the other side of the wall, then, lay a highway. That discovery was likely to prove important.

I was to make one more discovery before I left the window. It came the next moment, and again it was the breeze that brought it to me—the long-drawn, melodious chime of the sort of whistle that is carried by our great racing passenger locomotives. I knew from the whistle that the train was going to stop not more than a mile or two away.

Instinctively I felt for my watch, but there was none in my pocket. I was disappointed, for, though only half conscious of the reason why, I wanted to know what time that train came in. Suddenly an expedient occurred to me. The sun was slanting through my window at an acute angle with the casement. With my thumb-nail I scratched on the sill the outline of the shadow.

Some one was standing outside my door, watching me no doubt through the keyhole. An involuntary movement of his feet betrayed so much to me, and a moment later, restless of espionage, I crossed over to the farther corner of the room.

In doing so, I caught another movement, and, looking up, saw what I wonder I had not thought of looking for earlier, a mirror. The sight of it made my heart beat quickly.

"Of course," I thought, "that is all I need. A glance at myself will bring my memory back to me."

I walked around and stood before the glass. The face I saw was absolutely strange to me—as strange as the doctor's face or the guard's had been. It was bewildering, uncanny, almost enough to drive a man mad indeed, to see the haggard look of pain and disappointment and something not far from terror in that stranger's face, and to realize that it was only the irrepressible emotion of my own soul that I saw reflected there.

Then like a touch of the spur, rallying all my courage anew, there came the faint sound of a chuckling laugh from the other side of the door. In standing before the mirror, I had again come under the observation of the man at the keyhole. The same bewildered, disappointed face at which I had gazed, he had seen too.

I dropped down on the edge of my bed and buried my face in my hands. I heard footsteps tiptoeing from my

Then I am to stay here until I can remember that my name is Andrew Meiklejohn, and that I used to be a house painter

door, and then in a moment, as I half expected, returning noisily:

"Come in," said I in answer to the knock.

It was the doctor, but this time the doctor with his manner all prepared. It was at once good-humored and patronizing.

"Well, my good man," said he, "I hope you feel no further ill effects from that warm June sun."

"No," said I, "I guess I'm right enough."

Then, by way of experiment, I shot a quick question at him:

"Is this my room—the room I have lived in right along?"

His face seemed to stiffen a little in its false mask of kindly humor.

"Of course," he said "but you must not expect to remember anything about that. You have been, as I said before, only half conscious since you came here. It would be altogether extraordinary if you were to recognize the room or the building or any of our faces. But does nothing come back from beyond that time? Nothing that happened before your accident?"

I shook my head dully.

"What did you tell me I was?" I asked.

I dared not look at him, but I was aware that he was uneasily balancing the probability of my remembering his clumsy lie of the morning, and the wisdom of taking this chance to tell me a better one. He decided to stick to the old story.

"You were a man who did odd jobs—a house-painter by trade, I believe."

"I saw some men painting from my window," I commented rather vacuously; but I glanced at him quickly enough to see in his face the recognition of his blunder in having put me in a room that overlooked these operations.

"Did you tell me my name?" I asked.

He was ready with one; he did not say "Smith."

"Andrew Meiklejohn." Then, he added, and I could have throttled him for the sneer which I heard underlying his friendly, solicitous words:

"Does that bring back nothing?"

I simply shook my head.

"And is there nothing in your mind at all? No memory that seems like a dream? Nothing that you can tell me?"

His voice was eager as he asked the question.

This time I made no answer, even by a sign. I just sat on the edge of the bed, my head drooping in sullen silence.

"Well, well, my good fellow," he said, rising from his chair, "you must not be down-hearted. The moment memory does come to you, send for me. I will do all I can to help you."

Then I did a foolish thing. I allowed my anger for the moment to get the better of me.

"Then I am to stay here," I said, "until I can remember that my name is Andrew Meiklejohn and that I used to be a housepainter?"

There was a cutting edge of satire in my voice which roused his quick suspicion like the flick of a whip. I would have given much to unsay the words, but it was too late. He gave me a venomous smile as he answered:

"Oh, don't be discouraged; and, above all, don't lose sleep and appetite over it. I will see you again to-morrow."

And with that he left me abruptly.

He left me very nearly in despair. What did it matter, after all, that he had lied clumsily? The cards were all in his hands. He had no need for finesse.

If I were to express disbelief in the precious tale he had told me, that would simply be tolerated as the natural delusion of a madman. If I remonstrated at his keeping me there—if I made the faintest hint of resistance—there was, no doubt, a straitjacket on the premises which they could rely on to bring me to terms.

And as for the chance of escape, I went to the window and tried to open it. The sash rose a scant six inches and was there checked by a cunningly contrived lock. There was a guard outside my door. He was tramping up and down the corridor quite frankly, like a sentry on a beat.

Even supposing myself safely over the wall and on the highway, what chance had an absolutely penniless man, who knew neither who he was nor where he was, nor the name of one friend in all the world—what chance had he to remain more than a single night at liberty?

One chance for a clue to my identity I think I may have overlooked. It did not occur to me until it was too late—that the clothes I wore might have given me some hint of who I was. A tailor's card somewhere about the coat, even a laundry mark on my linen or underclothes, might have furnished me a clue which would to-day be of inestimable value to me. But, as I say, I did not think of that until it was too late.

The sun was getting low when a faint clatter of dishes and a knock at the door announced supper. It was an appetizing repast, daintily served.

"Well," thought I, "the doctor gave me one good piece of advice any way. I'll eat and I'll sleep. I'll keep my health and I'll do the best I can with my spirits."

For just a flicker, there passed through my mind the notion that it was somewhat curious that the meal should show no traces of my recent fall to the estate of housepainter. To match the room, it should have been served on thick dishes, and should not have comprised half the variety that was here offered to me. But the thought went away as quickly as it came, possibly because I was really hungry, and I settled to my meal with the expectation of enjoying it.

I was half through when something brought that disquieting notion back to me. There seemed to be an odd taste to everything I had eaten. It was no taste that I recognized. Everything was perfectly cooked, but certainly every single article on that tray had a faint suggestion of that same curious flavor.

And then my knife and fork dropped with a clatter from my nerveless hands. I knew now why I had not suddenly been reduced to the coarse fare of a laborer. I knew why the doctor had advised me to eat. The food was drugged!

CHAPTER III

THE AMBUSH.

THE opium—for it was this drug I have no doubt that had been put into my food—had one effect which the doctor can hardly have anticipated. To a certain extent it acted upon my memory as developing fluid acts upon an exposed plate.

My dreams from the time when I lost consciousness over the supper-tray until I awakened in bed early the next morning were far more vivid than any I have any recollection of. They did not tell me who I was, to be sure; but they gave me two or three pictures so minutely outlined that I am sure I shall recognize them if ever I can get the chance. The consolation of that thought, however, did not come to me till afterward.

When, with difficulty, I had roused myself from my heavy sleep, and was able intelligently to take account of my present situation, it seemed a thousandfold more desperate than it had the day before. They had come into my room, once they had found me safe asleep, stripped me, and put me to bed. This morning my clothes were gone. That fact alone was enough to make the hope of escape absolutely insane.

The plot was clear enough. They would keep me here in solitary confinement, persistently drugging my food until hunger compelled me to eat it; until I had established an appetite for the drug itself; until at last I should be utterly and hopelessly mad indeed.

Well, I would fight off despair as long as I could. So much I solemnly promised myself. A dash of cold water out of the ewer and a few deep

breaths of the young June air which came in my partly opened window revived me.

Then, more to provide myself with an occupation than in any hope of gaining anything by it, I began a most minute examination of the room. Not a corner of it escaped me. A rickety little table stood in the dormer, and I remarked what had entirely escaped me the afternoon before; it contained a drawer. I pulled it open half-heartedly. Then seeing what it contained, I stood quickly erect.

Hope was thrilling in my veins again. I saw a way of escape opening up before me.

What was this great discovery that in an instant had served to change the face of the world? Pathetically trivial it may seem—nothing but a well-gnawed stub of a pencil and a few soiled sheets of pink and highly perfumed note-paper. They were too soiled and shabby for the housemaid, who had occupied the room before me, to think it worth while to take them away with her.

I did not have to plan what use this unexpected treasure-trove could be put to. The thought came to me complete in the half second between the opening and shutting of that drawer. But I went back to bed, and for an hour I tested that plan by every contingency I could think of.

When they knocked at the door with my breakfast I was ready. I did not answer the knock. When the man entered with my tray I glowered at him and roughly ordered him to be off.

"Take that stuff away," said I, "if you don't want me to pitch it out of the window."

He seemed rather nonplused at this, but after a moment's hesitation obeyed me. I heard him tramping off down the corridor, and knew with perfect certainty that inside of five minutes I should hear Dr. Berry's quiet, cat-like tread coming to take up his post of observation outside my keyhole. That was what I wanted.

When he came I let him wait awhile. Then furtively, and as silently as possible, I went over to my table, took the paper from the drawer, drew up a chair, and settled down to write. It was a mere tissue of nonsense with which I covered sheet after sheet of that soiled, perfumed paper. I worked slowly, apparently with the greatest labor, for I did not mean to finish until the sun was within an hour of where it had been the day before when I had outlined the shadow of the casement on the still with my thumb-nail.

The excitement mounted higher and higher in my veins as the time passed. It was hard to wait—hard not to risk throwing my great chance away out of sheer impatience by putting my plan to the test too soon.

In my dream pictures there is a woman, one of the loveliest, I believe her to be, of all the world. I see her in a hundred different ways, each one more charming, more alluring, than than the others

My greatest fear was lest the doctor should leave his post of observation, but I had calculated rightly. He had too much at stake to take any chances.

At last the hour had come. I rose from the table, looked suspiciously all about and listened. Then rolling my precious manuscript into the smallest possible compass, I went over to the bed with it.

I turned up the mattress—the ticking was none too strong and my fingers were not to be denied—and I had no difficulty in tearing a small hole in the under side. Then, as if in a panic of fear lest I be interrupted too soon, I thrust the manuscript through the hole, put the bed to rights, scrambled back into it, and pretended to fall asleep.

Almost immediately I heard the cat-like footfalls receding down the corridor, only to return again frankly and noisily. The doctor entered without waiting for my invitation; indeed, I gave none. He was radiating benign good humor from every pore.

"What!" he said. "In bed at this time of day? It is much too fine for that. You ought to be up and

Continued on page 110.

The Dictionary Man

By David Adams

"PLEASE pass the salmagundi?" With unerring accuracy Mrs. Bowles started the dish of hash toward the other end of the long table.

Each of the boarders, as he or she passed it along, took a careful look at the contents of the dish. Possibly they felt they had been imposed upon in being permitted to eat it for hash.

"Salmagundi," that was a new one on the patrons of Mrs. Bowles' Boarding House. Each however, after watching the dish closely after passing it seemed content to continue to think of it as plain hash.

William Smith helped himself generously and set the what he chose to call salmagundi down before him.

A word here as to why Mrs. Bowles had not passed the pickles or almost anything else. She knew William Smith. Ten years before he had taken a room at her house and had been there ever since.

"The Dictionary Man," she called him. If ever there was an apt sobriquet "The Dictionary Man" as applied to William Smith was it. During this ten years as a patron of Mrs. Bowles' dining-room he had sprung many surprises in the way of odd words.

"He knows all the words from A to Izzard," she told Mrs. Brown who kept a boarding house in the next block. The expression "from A to Izzard" was not her own but one of Mr. Smith's.

At first Mrs. Bowles had been unable to figure out the nature of her new boarder's business. An itching curiosity to know consumed her for the first few weeks. Finally when she could stand it no longer she asked him. It was seldom Mrs. Bowles had to go to as great a length.

"I, Madam, am a sciolist," he had told her, seemingly proud of it.

Then she knew or at any rate if she did not know she could say what he was. Being able to say it she told people what he was thus giving them the impression that her new boarder might be anything from an eye-doctor to a chiropodist.

Sometimes, when she was tidying up his room—one of the two back ones on the attic floor, she would search for

something which might perhaps give her a clue to Mr. Smith's business. All that she ever found was a rusty old horseshoe and a battered dictionary. Both looked as if they had been handled lovingly and often. There was nothing else in his room save a few clothes and an old trunk in which he kept them. The clothes were suggestive of prosperity at a far removed date.

It might be well to note here that the one book Mrs. Bowles chanced upon was entitled "A Dictionary of the English Language" and was written by Noah Webster as she noticed by one of the front pages.

On the very first page written in ink she found the following:—"Wm. E. Smith, Petonia, Ont., 1905."

Only a year old when it was brought to Mrs. Bowles' establishment. It looked fifty having been thumbed so much. It became Mrs. Bowles' habit, in time, to look up in this dictionary the meanings of the "new ones." Here she found a sciolist to be one with a smattering of knowledge. Thanks to Mr. Smith's one book Mrs. Bowles, too, became a sciolist.

One day when he happened to come into his room just as she was about to leave it she asked him about the horseshoe.

"That horseshoe—" he said as he walked across the room and picked it up, "this horseshoe is all that I have to remind me of how happy I was before I got that dad blamed thing there." He pointed to the dictionary.

Mrs. Bowles did not look as if she knew much about the horseshoe as yet and he went on, "It's a long story. Sit down and I'll tell it to you."

Mrs. Bowles set the broom outside the door and, holding the dustpan in her hands, sat herself down on the only other chair William Smith's room boasted.

"Forty years ago—dad blame me if it don't seem like yesterday—forty years ago I was attending school with the rest of the fair and blooming youth of Petonia. A gosh darn good time we was a having too." He shook his head affirmatively to emphasize the fact. "George King and I used to chum around together. George was the oldest King boy. His father owned the race track where they held the county fairs. Well, after we grew up we sort of drifted away from the old town like young folks sometimes do. George went up to the city and I went to Manitoba and took up ranching.

"Well Sir," he seemed to forget his audience, "I got married just the same as a lot of young fellows do. Everything went along fine. I was prospering and happy on the ranch. That lasted twenty years. Then I lost my wife." He hesitated a bit before continuing. Mrs. Bowles seemed to sense that this was not the place to make a remark and kept still.

"Well, I got kinda restless after a year or so and thought I'd go back and take a look at Petonia. I was pretty well fixed anyhow so I sold the ranch and went back home—back where I was born. It seemed kinda good just to see some of the old places even if most of the faces were new to me.

"Well, Sir," he was still forgetful of the sex of his audience, "One day who should I see walking right toward me but George King. There he was coming down the lane. I was on the porch. He hadn't changed a bit except maybe his hair was a little grey. Well, Sir, we had a great reunion. George had had about the same experience up to the city that I'd had in Manitoba. He, too, got kinda restless, I guess, and decided to come back to Petonia.

"There we were a couple of old cronies well past the fifties back home

again each with his boyhood chum. Considering the fact that we were both pretty well along in years our being able to be together like that was just plumb fortunate for both of us.

"Well Sir, we used to talk over politics and religion and most anything that came up to talk about. Sometimes we'd go for long walks along the river. Then we'd go over the good times we'd had there thirty years before. Every afternoon we played quoits. Pitch horseshoes you know," he added as he held up the one in his hand. "Well, darn it, he beat me most of the time but I didn't mind that so much until he began rubbing it in. He was always boasting about being the best. He always boasted about being the best at everything. Maybe he was. His education was better than mine in some ways. He'd picked up a lot of knowledge in the city while I hadn't learned anything but ranching out in Manitoba.

"George liked to lord it over me with words and expressions he knew that I didn't know. Well, I stood for it for one whole year and then a fresh young chap came along selling dictionaries and darn me if I didn't buy one. That one there," he added pointing at the table. "Now I was ready for Mr. King. All he had to do was spring some new word on me and a few hours later I knew what he was talking about. I was never more than a few hours short of being posted right up to the minute on the English language.

"When the circus came to town he said he liked the funambulist the best

"That horseshoe is all that I have to remind me of how happy I was before I got that dad blamed thing there." He pointed to the dictionary

and I said I liked the tight rope walker the best. When I got home I knew what he was smiling his superior smile about—darn him. I looked in that little dictionary and found out that a funambulist was a performer on a taut rope. Gosh darn him—he wouldnt ever have told me. Well, Sir, do you know in looking up funambulist I came across another word and I thought I'd just remember it and use it on George some day.

"Well, a few days later we were pitching the shoes and my luck was against me. He won every game out of five. His chest kept a swelling up and he kept a talking about how he was the best and rubbing it in generally. I got mad and flared up. I called him the word I'd found in the dictionary.

"I says to him 'You gosh darn fanfaron'" Then he got mad and without saying a word went home. That was the last I saw of him. He was good and mad when he left. He didn't come near me and kept out of my way after that.

"Well, the breaking up of our friendship hit me hard. I stood it in Petonia doing nothing as long as I could and then I came here."

Mrs. Bowles figured from the way in which he said "fanfaron" that it must be something terrible and not meant for feminine ears. For this reason she did not ask him to explain it. Instead she decided then and there to take the first opportunity of looking the word up—some time when William Smith was out of his room.

She left him worshiping the rusty, old horseshoe.

Now Mrs. Bowles had a daughter—Mary by name. She was a girl of twenty, a good wholesome looking girl with rosy cheeks. She was just good looking enough to have plenty of sense about things other than her looks.

Mary Bowles was a little tot of ten when William Smith first came to her mother's. He didn't have much of anything to do most of the time and he used to play games with Mary. Then, too, he would tell her fairy stories. Mary didn't understand the fairy stories exactly as he told them but, after a fashion, was able to make out what they were all about. She liked them. She would sit for hours while he spun a yarn about the scaturient mumbo-jumbo of Africa or about the scansorial grimalkin or the intrasigent schelm or any one of a hundred others.

The picture she had of a scaturient mumbo-jumbo must have been wilder than any conceived by the wildest native of Africa.

She liked the stories and made him tell them to her over and over. Her mother being busy with the running of the boarding establishment Mary Bowles came to look upon William

I says to him, "you gosh darn fanfaron." Then he got mad and went home

Smith as a sort of advisor or guardian. In trouble or joy she came to him. He had a faculty of making her troubles joyous and her joys more joyous.

Mrs. Bowles also came to William Smith when she wanted advice. One day a brother of her former husband's had asked to take Mary with him and bestow upon her the education his means would allow.

Mrs. Bowles had gone to William Smith.

"Well, since you ask me, he strikes me as being agnate," he had said.

This settled Mrs. Bowles. Anyone who was agnate should have nothing to do with the bringing up of her daughter. Mrs. Bowles did not know that agnate merely implied relationship on the father's side.

Now as Mary grew older she fell in love. At about the same time two young men fell in love—each with Mary Bowles. Here was a situation. Mary liked both of the young men. When later each of them had made enough of a mark in the world to enable them to feel confident enough of the future to ask Mary to marry she didn't know what to do.

Naturally she came to William Smith with her trouble. He went into the matter deeply with her weighing each of the young men in terms that would have surprised even Noah Webster. At length he handed down his opinion which Mary abided by. Everybody was happy except possibly one young man but it was as William Smith told Mary, "If everybody was happy all of the time there wouldn't be any fun." If unhappiness is fun the young man who lost Mary came in for his share of it but no doubt he recovered because he was young and youth forgets.

Mrs. Bowles had looked in the dictionary many times for the meaning of the word fanfaron. She had not found it. In her simplicity she had failed to notice that the page that it would naturally have been on was missing.

Continued on page 116.

Borrowed Plumage

By E. G. Bayne

Illustrated by F. A. Hamilton

"YOU don't know how to pull the ropes, dearie," observed Miss Violet Gray, as she applied carmine to her lips and then dusted her face with pink rice-powder. "But you can learn. Now I——"

"Pull the ropes?" echoed Maida Vincent, smothering a yawn. "How do you mean? Could I really learn to be popular—as popular as you? I thought you had to be born that way."

The tone of the speaker was a trifle wistful.

"Oh sure you could learn!" returned Violet good-naturedly. "But you gotta get rid of them Quaker ideas of yours, little one. You gotta get some pep into your system. Don't be bromide. How does this platinum necklet look, honey? Ain't it some swell? Bill sure ain't a tightwad. Gee! *You* could have one like it Kid, if only—" Violet broke off inconsequentially and commenced to paw about on the littered dressing-table. Having located her gloves she drew them on slowly, gazing in the mirror, meanwhile.

Her roommate sat on the edge of one of the room's two little iron beds, swinging her feet and regarding Violet silently and a bit enviously.

"My third party this week," remarked Violet after a moment. "How do I look dearie?"

"Fine," said Maida; but her expression was an absent one. She had been thinking of what Violet had said about pulling the ropes.

"I've certainly been having some dandy times this last while back," Violet resumed. "Being popular with the men comes natural to me I guess. I kid 'em all, dearie, but I don't allow one of 'em to get a string on me. See? That's the way to handle the Johnnies. Ever since I was a flapper I could get anyone I wanted. My sister kept a boarding house down near the business district for about nine years and I used to wait on table. I got so's I could hand 'em as good as I got. The men called me Miss Saucebox. Oh *men*! Gee, *I* know men from the ground up."

She drew a fur-lined opera cloak over her shoulders as she spoke.

"You needn't say anything about what I've just told you, Kid. Nobody round here knows that I used to sling hash. Well, I'm all ready. I wish Bill'd get a hump on. I hate waiting round!"

"Your hair looks nice," observed Maida.

"Hairdresser did it this morning. I've been watching the sky all day—fear it would rain and spoil all these here dinky curls. Say, I *wish* you were coming along."

"I'm tired. Besides, I haven't got anything nice enough to wear."

Maida flung her arms over her head in a luxurious afterwork stretch, and yawned, as she finished speaking.

"Forget it," said Violet. "You're welcome to any dud *I* got. I bet you'd look sweet in this pink charmeuse. And tired? You're always that! If you'd doll up in the evening and go out! But you never seem to want to. What do you like to do anyway? Work all day and come back here and mope around darning your stockings and then go to bed? Gee! You don't know you're living, Kid!"

"What do I like?" repeated Maida. "I like silk stockings and grand opera and ninety-cent candy and orchids and new uncut magazines and breakfast in bed and—oh what's the use! I like everything that's fine and pretty and thrilling and expensive! But I can't have them."

"Yes you can too."

Maida stared a moment at her friend of six months' acquaintance.

"How?" she asked. "How can I have them—*honestly*, I mean?"

"Oh, if you're going to talk like *that*, of course—"

Violet flung a deal of contempt into her voice, and the shrill clamor of a bell cutting in upon her remark saved her the necessity of finishing it.

"There's Bill now, thank goodness," she cried, glad to escape from the challenge of Maida's honest brown eyes.

"Little mutt!" she said to herself as she whisked down the shabby stairs. "She was *born* slow. Been up from the country two years now, so she says, and she hasn't shook all the hayseed out of her hair yet."

MAIDA, left alone, continued to stare unseeing, at the door through which the resplendent vision in sky-blue satin had just disappeared.

Was it true—all that Violet had said? *Was* she too sober, and scrupulous? Violet had so many friends while she—drab little Puritan—had none. After all it is disgusting to be young — just nineteen — and rather pretty, and fond of good times, and ready for Romance, and then to discover that Romance kept persistently aloof!

Life was a humdrum affair for little Maida—just as the gay Violet had remarked. It was made up of work, three hurried meals, an hour or two of uneventful evening, and then bed.

Maida rose and wandered over to the cloudy mirror. Some of the other girls' cosmetic jars stood open on the dresser top, and Maida scooped up a little rouge on the end of her finger and rubbed it upon her cheeks

The change was magic! She still retained some of her fresh country color but this, *this*—

"Why, I'm actually beautiful! she gasped." No wonder Vi sets such store by this stuff."

Her eyes sparkled. She took up some of her heavy golden-brown hair and twisted it up loosely on the crown of her head. Seeing the effect produced, she went about it in a more thorough manner and finished by fastening one of Violet's rhinestone bands about her head. The upstanding ornament on the front added a degree of dignity, and four inches to her height.

She took a little skip across the room and seized upon the shimmery rose-pink gown that Violet had discarded in favor of her blue one. With fingers that trembled in eager haste she snatched needle and thread and short-

ened the skirt. Then she put on the dress. Without doubt she was now another girl! Hurriedly rummaging about in various drawers and boxes she produced Violet's bronze slippers, a pair of long white kid gloves—almost clean—a string of tiny pearls and a feather fan. (Although Violet Gray was only a manicurist on a rather precarious weekly salary, her wardrobe was replete with all the necessities of a society girl—and some of the luxuries.) Maida completed her toilet by passing a powder puff lightly over her face.

THEN she gazed long and critically at the vision the mirror held. What she saw made her heart beat tumultuously.

"Oh, if only, if *only* I could—" she began aloud, and then before the thought was fairly complete in her mind she gave a start and caught her red underlip in her teeth. "I'll do it!" she said aloud. "I'll do it!"

She counted the contents of her purse. They totalled a dollar and twenty-five cents.

"Enough for a taxi," she murmured, and snatched up a silk head-scarf and her big plaid coat.

By the tiny clock on the table, it was still early in the evening—not quite nine.

From the telephone-booth at the corner drug-store Maida summoned a taxicab and stood out on the pavement awaiting its arrival. As she watched it turn up into her street, very suddenly, she changed her mind. On the point of following good-natured Violet to the dance at Rickert's Hall, Maida decided swiftly against such a proceeding. Where then should she go?

"Drive on—oh anywhere at all," she said to the driver who touched his cap and awaited her pleasure. "Drive till I tell you to stop."

"Very good Miss."

Maida leaned back on the comfortable seat and sighed blissfully, and the cab whirled her rapidly and smoothly away to the Port of Adventure.

"I'm an impostor—a fraud," she told herself, with a wicked little chuckle. "I'm a bird in borrowed plumage. But I don't care. I *don't* care. I'm going to have one good time in my life if I never have another!"

She smiled happily, and peered about on either side of the broad avenue down which they were silently gliding.

"If good times don't come your way," she reflected, "go after 'em! A case of the mountain and Mahomet. I'm awfully glad I've discovered that I *have* a little 'pep' left, after the city grind."

She gave herself wholly u pto the delight of rapid motion. Presently, however, the cab slowed down, and stopped.

"Big jam ahead here, Miss," called the driver, pulling his head through the curtain-flap. "Shall I wait till it clears, or turn around, or what shall I do?

"Oh, wait. There's really no hurry. Whereabouts are we?"

"We're near the Carleton. There's a big ball on there to-night, an' everybody seems to've took the notion to get here at the same minute."

"You might drive slowly on and watch your chance to get past," said Maida.

"Very good, Miss."

It was keen pleasure in itself, just to sit and watch the guests thronging into the great caravanserie. Slowly Maida's cab eased in among the long triple line of vehicles—motor broughams, runabouts, limousines—and it was fully a quarter of an hour before they were opposite the brilliantly-lighted entrance portico.

Then another vagrant impulse took possession of Maida. It seemed as if some long-forgotten sprite of her childhood days had come again into being to control the destinies of this one particular evening.

"Stop here," said Maida to her driver, "and let me out."

"Very good, Miss. One dollar and a quarter, please."

AN attendant in green-and-gold livery opened the door and Maida stepped down, and paid her driver. The taxicab moved off and a long seven-passenger car took its place. A second attendant, ornate as the first, beckoned to Maida, and with swiftly-beating heart and limbs that quaked under her, she followed him up the broad stone steps, past two giant pillars, and through a palm-lined lobby where her guide turned her over to a bald personage in evening clothes who stood bowing and smiling before her.

She caught the enchanting strains of the Barcarolle from some distant unseen orchestra, and heard upon all sides the pleasant hum of voices.

"You came alone?" queried the bald gentleman, with a pleasant smile directed this time straight at her glowing face.

"Y—yes. I——"

"Have you your card?"

"Card? Er—no. I——"

Maida's heart sank. This was a contingency that she had not taken into account.

"Card of invitation? Ah—you have forgotten to bring it. Well it is no great matter. Let me have your name and I'll soon fix——"

"My name is Maida Vincent."

"Thank you." And the obliging gentleman hastily scribbled something on a card and gave the oblong of pasteboard into her hand with an air of dismissing the affair.

"Where you been, Honey?"

"Pass this O.K.'d card in at the entrance of the Assembly Room please," he said, and turned to greet other arrivals.

"Fortunate escape number one," breathed Maida, devoutly, as she tripped upstairs.

THE ladies' dressing-rooms were filled with a gay, chattering throng. A moment or two Maida stood upon the threshold of the room she was about to enter, gazing spellbound at the scene within. Women and girls and even grey-haired dowagers flitted to and fro like huge butterflies—pink, lavender, yellow, flame-colored, skyblue—and diamonds glistened from the beautiful necks and arms of not a few.

"Oh dearie! Help me with my skirt, won't you?" pleaded a voice at Maida's side, and she turned to find a young woman in apple-green crepe, on the verge of tears.

"Certainly, I will. What can I do?" responded Maida.

"Oh thank you *so* much! I've ripped the hem. See? The maids are all busy, but——"

"No trouble at all. Come over nearer the light please."

After a moment or two the slight mishap was remedied and the green crepe lady seemed about to fall on Maida's neck in gratitude.

"Did you come alone, dear? Why how odd! So did I! I suppose your friends are coming later," she observed. "My sister was to have come but was prevented. So I'm here by myself and I do feel so backward about going down alone. Shall we go down together?"

"You know," continued Maida's new acquaintance as they descended to the ballroom, "This is a leap-year affair for charitable purposes. That's why there's such a crowd, and we're supposed to go round and ask the men for dances. Everything reversed you know. I'm sure I'll fall through the floor with embarrassment, won't you?"

Maida laughed.

"Why, I think it will be fun," she said. "I don't mind."

"This crowd to-night isn't the regular society gang you see," said the green crepe lady. "It is under the auspices of the Bohemian Club, and that makes it so much more free and easy. There won't be any stupid wall-flowering. Thank heaven there are lots of men."

The orchestra was just commencing a fox trot when the pair arrived in the ballroom. A sudden timidity seemed about to overwhelm Maida, but her companion squeezed her arm and said:

"Oh dearie, look over there at those two fellows who are staring so hard at us! Let's go and ask *them*. I'll ask the dark one, and you can have the fair one."

"You've searched—for me?"

IT took some little time for Maida to locate the pair. They were indeed looking fixedly at the girls. So, becoming brave, the latter crossed the room and with exaggerated bows, requested the pleasure of a dance. The dark young man took possession of the green crepe lady and the other smiled with undisguised delight at Maida.

"This is very great pleasure indeed," he said, flushing boyishly.

He could not have been more than twenty-two and Maida liked his voice and the look in his grey eyes.

Fortunately she could fox-trot so they got along very well and danced the two following numbers. Then came a dance with which they were both unfamiliar so they sat it out in a charming little nook near the palm room.

"Pardon my cheek," said the young man, "But I'm afraid I don't know your name. Mine is Fordham—Frank Fordham."

"My name is Maida Vincent."

"Maida," he repeated, with a caressing accent, "It just seems to suit you too."

They talked on about various matters, and then Maida rose.

"I ought to go and do my duty by some other man now," she said, a trifle regretfully.

"Don't go," pleaded Fordham.

"Well, then, I ought to give some other girl a chance——"

"I don't want any of the other girls—at least not yet for a while. I could sit here and talk all evening—with you. Sit down again, won't you?"

Presently, however, the green crepe girl came up, on the arm of her escort and there was a shake-up of partners, for the next dance number.

The hours, after that, fled like as many minutes. Maida was introduced right and left and her program was soon completely filled up, for whenever she seemed at a loss to decide whom to request a dance from, one of the young men she had met would sidle up and, in utter disregard of the established regulations for the evening, would suggest that they "try this number."

Maida's eyes sparkled. Her bright laugh pealed out often. She felt like the disembodied spirit of some gay social butterfly, some once-popular belle, that had come back to earth to revisit one of the scenes of her past triumphs.

At times the brilliant scene all about her seemed unreal. The soft throbbing lilt of the orchestra came to her in moments, as from a vast distance. She wondered, more than once, what it would feel like when she awoke.

Continued on page 116.

Psychology In Salesmanship

By Rex White

A party of Life Insurance salesmen on their way to a district convention were stalled for several hours by a train wreck ahead of them. During a discussion of sales methods one of the salesmen—the biggest producer in the crowd—ridiculed the idea of applying Psychology in salesmanship. The sales manager contended that every sale is based upon Psychology. To demonstrate his point he took the salesmen back to the Library car, explained to the men gathered there that his salesmen wished an opportunity to sell them Life Insurance. It turned out that all of the occupants of the car, with one exception, already had all the insurance they could afford to carry. The exception was a farmer from Saskatchewan. He agreed to permit the insurance salesmen to canvass him but he met their arguments and at last declined to buy. The farmer then turned to the other men in the Library car and asked them to relate their experience as to how they were induced to purchase Life Insurance. Each man as he told his story pointed out the Psychological influence that had induced him to sign up for a policy.

(Continued from November.)

AS the traveling man finished his yarn a silence fell and some of the men gazed with unseeing eyes out the window The mechanic cleared his throat with a little rasp and dashed the burning "shag" from his pipe.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "I carry insurance, but a pretty small amount. I haven't got the money to carry a big sum, but I do the best I can. I am a carpenter by trade and, while I get good money when I work, I don't always work, and we have learned, my wife and I, to count every penny.

"We were married three years ago and it was a triple wedding. Three girl chums married three pals and we took three apartments in the same building. The little flat Mary and I had rented had its back on a court and from our kitchen window I could look across into the side rooms of our two young friends. None of us had much to start with, although we did have enough to pay for most of our furniture bills and to furnish our little old 'three rooms and bath' pretty cozy and comfortable.

"We bought stuff pretty near alike and the three girls watched one another like hawks. If one got something new in the way of a chair it was not a week until the other two had one as near like it as possible. Tom and Fred had jobs in a big wood-working factory near by our flats and I worked for a year after our marriage on a new building, just to the rear of their plant. We all had a family about the same time and it was funny to see us get together in the evenings and compare fine points of our babies.

"Everything was going along swimmingly until one day a careless fireman forgot his boilers. I guess you know what happened. I was fifty feet away from the rear wall of the mill when the explosion happened and I was hurled to the ground from a scaffolding thirty or forty feet high. A broken leg and a wrenched back was my share. Poor Tom and Fred never knew what happened to 'em. The firemen dug their bodies out of the ruins twenty-four hours later. Mary and I were pretty near wild with grief and we couldn't do a thing, either. I was chained to bed with my own hurts and Mary had to wait on me hand and foot. It was a terrible time for those two girls across the way and when the first shock was over they faced something worse still. Mary used to sit in the window and think of those lonely girls and then look at me and cry for thankfulness and sympathy.

"We found the boys had paid six months rent in advance a few weeks before the explosion. It was Christmas time and their factory was one of

these co-operative affairs that delcares a dividend once a year for the employes. The boys had each received $120, and they both decided to pay their six months' rent and then take the rent money out of the salary each month as it came, thereby having something every month to spend rather than use the money in a lump for gimcracks.

"WELL, it seems that Fred had taken out an insurance policy. One of these industrial policies where you pay 25 or 30 cents a week and get $500, when you die. It put a lot of heart in his widow. The grief and the kids and the long absence from real work had put both girls to the bad as far as being worth anything in the industrial field was concerned. Tom's wife had to get right out and find work. She wasn't up to it and as a result she got fired in a week. The next job was the same and it just got to be a ruond of discouragement with the bills pressing more and more. Fred's wife with her $500 just sat down and rested for a couple of months. She didn't have any bills to bother her and she had enough money to hire someone to look after the baby. She went out to get a job when she was strong and ready for work. She got the job and made good.

"Tom's wife got heartsick and finally sat down in her flat and waited for the end. She sold her furniture stick by stick. I used to lie in our Morris chair in the kitchen while Mary worked and look over at the two flats. Along about five o'clock Fred's widow would come home tired, but fairly cheerful. The kid would be clean and sweet and the room warm and the woman she had hired would have the teapot on and supper under way. The room would be bright and cheerful and you knew that the girl felt safe and life was starting to look right again.

"But the other one.! Lord, the other one! She'd come in about six o'clock from job hunting. The room was cold and looked damp and cheerless. The baby would be brought in from a neighbor's, where it had been allowed to wallow about in the dirt on the floor. It was dirty and cross and cried all the time. There was no supper ready and darn little to fix at that. The poor thing would light a smoky old lamp, she couldn't afford gas, and we could see her stand before the stove and shiver and cry into the food. Then she would eat a few mouthfuls and take the baby in her arms and walk up and down the floor back and forth, back and forth, until it nearly drove me mad. We wanted to help and so did Fred's widow, but Tom's girl was proud and I guessed it galled her to realize the difference in our positions now. Anyway she wouldn't take a cent.

"Finally the room had just a tumble down iron bed and a pine table in it. Everything else was gone. Then one day we were startled to hear the clang of a bell and peering out of the window we saw the sunlight shimmer on the brass buttons of two policemen who were carrying something. They took it to a wagon and one of them went back and came again with a bundle in his arms--the baby. That something in the wagon was Tom's widow and she had gone the gas route. Gee. It got my goat, gentlemen, and I just climbed into my clothes and limped and stumbled down the street the next morning. I had intended to do something when I got to work again, but

We saw two policemen carrying something—that something was Tom's widow

that thing wouldn't let me wait. I got protection for Mary and the kid and the first thing I do when I get my pay is to lay aside my little monthly payment for insurance. Then I feel right with myself.'

"A SIX-YEAR-OLD girl was the cause of my taking out a policy," said the bookkeeper as the hum of comment had died away. "I was never approached by an insurance agent from the time I arrived at manhood until I walked into the office of an agency and asked for a policy. How I was overlooked I do not know, as my neighbors often spoke of the number of times they were 'bothered' by insurance agents and how impossible it was to avoid them. My wife and I often spoke of insurance, especially after our little one came and several times we made up our minds to take out a policy, but as the time set drew near there was always something to prevent, a better way for the money, we thought. The possibility of my death before my girl reached an age where she could marry or become self-supporting was never very strongly presented to me and I let matters slip along as they would.

"My office was in a big warehouse in a rather tough part of town and a row of tenement houses backed on the alley my desk overlooked. Occasionally a troop of ragged little folks would go whooping through the alley in pursuit of a luckless cat, or in an effort to escape a much pestered policeman who chased them, though knowing his efforts were in vain. I paid little attention to them, except to frown as their shrill voices jarred on my efforts to get results from long columns of figures.

"It was not until one hot summer day when work was slack and I had a few moment's leisure that I noticed Nellie. She was not a pretty child. Her hair was tow colored and her face was ghastly pale and emaciated. Although I did not know it then, the stamp of the white plague was plainly visible in her features and thin, stooping body. She did not run and play with the other children. Her lungs would not allow of the exercise. She just sat on a broken box in the shade of the tenement and with a sharp stick drew pictures in the dirt. She was thus occupied when I first noticed her.

"It was the dreary, hopelessness and sullen bowing to pain that drew my attention to the girl. Her eyes were dull and listless and she gazed at me when I spoke in a fixed stare that did not comprehend my words.

"What are you doing?" I asked. When I repeated the question she raised one hand, as if to avoid a blow, and scrambling to her feet she moved away into the black shadows of the passageway. A bit of sunshine managed to make its way through the smoke and gloom of the alley and shone on her mud drawn picture. It was a queer looking object, and after puzzling over what it might be for a moment I turned back to my work. The next day as I

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Brother Tom to The Rescue

By J. Cooper

Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

"WHAT shall I give Mac for Christmas?" she said.

It was not the sort of remark to be greeted with protest and levity, but that was what it got.

"Now see here, Lois," her mother said, "every year for the past twenty I have had to plan your Christmas present to Mac. Ever since you were——"

"A year old," interrupted Lois; "but really, mother, I do feel anxious—" Her voice took on a private significance intended for her mother's ear.

"You see, mother," spoke up Tom promptly, "we feel that we ought to do something special for Mac, considering—" His voice discounted Lois's for mysterious suggestion.

"You might send him a pot of glue," suggested Mollie.

"Or a skewer," supplemented Tom. "If he skewered it neatly and put a coat of varnish on, he might work it off on some near-sighted girl. Poor old Mac! He's so blamed careless."

"Mother!" protested Lois.

"Don't be impatient," said Tom. "I am returning immediately to the subject. What shall we give Mac for Christmas? Now, there are three classes of Christmas presents: those you give to relatives with an eye to their being of use in the family; those you give to friends after going to a clairvoyant to find out how much they are likely to spend on you; and those you give"—here his voice became heavy with tragic inference—"to those who have been weighed in the balance and found wanting too much—which brings us to our text: What shall we give Mac for Christmas?"

Lois arose. Her very beautiful eyes were plaintively indignant.

"I am going up to the library, mother," she said not looking at Tom and Mollie.

"Aren't you going ridingwith Mr. Warwick?" demanded Mollie.

Lois shook her head gently and went out.

"Now isn't that too ridiculous!" Mollie appealed to the room. "Think of refusing a ride on that bay of Mr. Warwick's, just because it might make Mac feel worse."

"Perhaps we may as well not discuss the subject," suggested Mrs. Patterson. "You are not supposed to know anything about it."

"I wish somebody would offer him to me," said Mollie

"Who? Mac?"

"No, Mr. Warwick's horse. But I tell you, if I did refuse a man, I'd do it thoroughly. It is my opinion that Mac keeps up this plaintive pose simply because Lois looks so conscience-stricken No, I'm not going to help you with the darning, mother. You do Lena's work, so that she can get off earlier. You spoil everybody. If you had brought Lois up properly, she wouldn't have these sentimental notions." She reached out and selected a blue silk sock from the basket. "Look at this!" She held it aloft to point an accusing finger at the size of the hole.

"It is very touching," began Tom hastily, "about Mac. I drop in, when I can, to do my mite in the way of reparation, and on the last occasion I noticed that he had taken down all of Lois's photographs. There was no Lois in evening dress smiling at me from the mantel, no Lois in street suit looking down jauntily from the pipe rack, no Lois in golf outfit, no Lois in garden hat, no Lois with a lace mantilla strewn over her head, no Lois leaning on one elbow with downcast eyes, no Lois leaning on a property chair with upcast eyes, no Lois with any cast in her eyes at all. And in the midst of it sat Mac!" He reached out a long arm, and laid a hand on his mother's work. "May I borrow that stocking to wipe my eyes?" he said.

Mollie was cobbling the blue silk hole into a sort of rosette.

"We ought to cheer Mac up," she said. "If he would stop acting like an undertaker, Lois would be nicer to Mr. Warwick, and he might offer me a ride on the bay."

"For sheer altruism, recommend me to Mollie," said Tom. "But it is true that, as a family, we owe it to Mac to give him a helping hand. He has now mourned long enough. We ought to get him into shape before the holidays."

"We could do a great deal before Christmas," said Mollie, "if we went at it systematically. We could take turns."

"I'll start to-night," declared Tom valiantly. "I'll go over with my mandolin——"

Mollie laid down the blue silk sock and looked across at her brother.

"There won't be anything left for me to do," she said.

"I don't see what you've got against me and my mandolin," observed Tom defensively.

"Nothing against you, separately," she returned.

"Well, I have other methods. I'm not confined to one. I'll get him started in the right direction to-night and turn him over to you to-morrow."

"I would suggest—" began Mrs. Patterson quietly, but Tom raised a protesting hand.

"Now, mother do not seek to discourage this struggling band of willing workers," he said. "Mollie and I are going to be Little Sisters to the Discard. Don't you want to be a Little Sister, too?"

"Thank you, no," said Mrs. Patterson.

Mac came out from the city that night, tired with the day's work. The house was lonesomely still. He blundered through the dark hall and up the stairs. He closed the door of his room behind him, feeling pensively the bareness of it, and turned on the light.

On mantel and bookcase and pipe rack and desk, wherever a picture of Lois had stood, and in a dozen other places, were photographs—photographs of Mollie: Mollie with curls and a scowl, Mollie in tintype groups, Mollie all but unrecognizable in awful freaks of

photographic art, Mollie and Tom hand in hand with do-or-die expressions, Mollie in short dresses and in her first long one, Mollie, Mollie everywhere, and each one a more awful-looking production than the last. Mac sat down and stared at them. Then he threw back his head and howled. Not since Lois had tearfully refused him had he laughed like that. He sobered down rather suddenly, with a feeling of inappropriateness.

"First score to me," said Tom proudly, the next morning. "The housekeeper told me that Mac laughed out loud in his room last night."

"But what did you do?"

"That I shall not divulge until the cure is complete. It is your turn this morning."

"I think I'll take him for a long walk," said Mollie, after a moment of meditation.

"Good!" said Tom cordially. "Nothing better than walking in cases of this kind. I can almost see you on that bay."

"There he is!" Mollie seized a jacket and pinned on a hat as she flew out of the door. "Come for a walk, Mac?" she called.

Mac had intended treating Mollie with something of hurt reserve, but her face was so warmly friendly that he forgot it. The morning was perfect for walking, stirring the blood to energy, filling the eye with the reserved loveliness of early December. Mollie chattered unceasingly, and all her theme was of the beauty of life and the duty of making the best of things. Very impersonal it was; she felt that she was being exceedingly tactful. But it was continuous.

Mac wondered at first. Then suspicion grew upon him. He relapsed into indignant silence. Harder and harder Mollie tried—gloomier and gloomier grew Mac.

"'Write it on your heart,'" quoted Mollie bravely, with a glance of loving-kindness that belied her growing rage, "'that every day in the year is the best day.'"

Mac appeared not to hear. He was slashing at the weeds with his stick like an ill-tempered hero in a "Duchess" novel. His eyes were on the ground, not on his cheering, inspiring companion.

The bay horse was galloping hazily into the distance.

"Mac," cried Mollie, in exasperation, "won't you please be a little livelier?"

Mr. Campbell turned a somewhat irate countenance upon his guide and consoler.

"I don't see anything in particular to be lively over," he said.

"Well, it is everybody's duty to make the best of things."

"Oh, d—," said Mac. Perhaps it was "duty" he started to say. Mollie did not think it was, and for the next fifteen minutes he found himself explaining to a very indignant young woman that she had misunderstood him. By that time they had reached the stile by the river, which was as far as they had planned to go, and Mollie turned promptly, without a word, and set out upon the homeward way. And now it was Mac who talked steadily to a perfectly unresponsive companion. It would never do to have little Mollie seriously offended with him. Good little Mollie! She had always looked upon him as a brother. Not that Mollie was so little, either. She was taller than Lois. His heart gave a pang at the thought of Lois, but only a short one. He was too busy propitiating her sister.

"You're captain of the basket-ball team, aren't you, Mollie?" he inquired.

"Yes." No word could have been briefer.

"That's fine! They couldn't have a better one. You're an all-round kind of a girl. It was mighty nice of you to take pity on my lonesomeness and walk with me. It does a chap good to have

"I wish someone would offer him to me," said Mollie

a dear little girl like you sorry for him."

Mollie turned an icy gaze upon him.

"I wasn't sorry for you," she said. "I was trying to make you act as if you had a grain of sense, which is a good deal more than I shall undertake again. You may leave me here. Good morning!" she said, as they halted on a little foot-bridge. Mac whistled softly to himself and proceeded homeward.

"Quitter!" said Tom. It was apropos of Mollie's proposal that he undertake the reformation of Mac unaided and alone.

"I am not," said Mollie, "but I don't see why we should both give our time to him. I'll keep it up if you insist."

"I do," said Tom; and so Mac, who had watched with some compunction on Monday for a chance to accost Mollie, was greatly surprised to see her smiling at him from the station platform when he got off the train on Tuesday.

"I thought you'd be on this train," she explained brightly, "so I stopped. I am going over to bowl. Don't you want to go?"

It was Mac's favorite exercise They had a beautiful time, andwalked home together in gay spirits. Mollie's evident forgetfulness of their strained relations struck Mac as very admirable. "It shows an awfully sweet spirit, by Jove!" he thought enthusiastically. "She is a mighty amiable little girl." And the next afternoon he watched until he saw his amiable little neighbor passing, and went out onto the porch.

"A good day to bowl, Mollie," he called.

"Splendid!" said Mollie. "Tom's going over; I'll tell him to stop."

Mac slammed three doors on the way back to his room. By the time Tom called he had developed a sore throat which made bowling a menace to health. Tom, with angelic patience, spent the evening with him.

The following afternoon Mollie ran into borrow a piece of his sister's music, and remained to play some accompaniments. Mac had a charming voice, and Mollie was a born accompanist. He got out a lot more music the next night, and Tom came over and offered to play it on his mandolin. Tom never hit the key except in moments of absent mindedness. Mac said he had given up singing.

On Saturday Mollie, with the firelight flickering on her scarlet gown and earnest young face, sat in the twilight of the Campbell library and talked softly of the Duty of Man. And the next day Tom, after a Sunday stroll with an absent-minded but docile companion, summed up the situation with pleasing pride.

"We are coming on wonderfully," he said, "wonderfully. My method is marvelously adapted to the case."

Two weeks later Mollie burst into the sitting room, where Tom and the sofa made a little oasis in a desert of Sunday newspapers.

"You can take Mac to-day," she said.

Tom looked up from the pink sheet, his eyes still alight with the fact that somebody had scored two touchdowns.

"It's your day," he said. "I took him yesterday to oblige you."

"I don't care. I can't get my presents done if I give all my time to Mac."

"You aren't going to make presents on Sunday, I hope." Tom clutched the pink sheet more firmly and looked his grieved reproach.

"I'm going to give it up," said Mollie, with swift emphasis; "I've done enough."

"Well, I like to put a thing through when I start it"—with a superior air—"and now that Mac is turning out so cheerful, I certainly shall not give up. I could do it alone if it wasn't for

Cont'd on page 107

"You may leave me here, good morning!" she said

Current Events in Review

Comments by the Leading Canadian and British Press and Periodicals Upon Affairs of Interest in the Dominion and Empire

Canadian National Theatre

WILL Canada ever have a National theatre? We mean by that will our theatres ever reach the point where Canadian playwrights and actors dominate. Every true Canadian hopes so. It is not out of place to say here also that considerable intelligent and aggressive effort is being put forth to hasten the day. The editor of the *Ottawa Citizen* presents his views on the matter as expressed in a recent editorial:

It is almost pathetic to read that the idea of a Canadian theatre has not altogether died and still lingers in extremis in the good city of Toronto. A Queen City periodical laments that our theaters are still supplied from New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, thus cruelly cutting Universal City. While such backward nations as Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Italy have their native drama we still cling to Broadwayisms. It is true, says this periodical, that Ottawa has attempted to do something to start a real theatre but our efforts have been feeble and lacking in any of that comprehensiveness of touch which characterizes the true Toronto style. Toronto's effort is older and wiser than Ottawa's, according to this authority, and the movement is toward little theatres where amateurs and semi-professionals will present the better class of poetical and intellectual plays that are never shown on the "Yankeefied commercial stage."

All this is really amusing if it were not intended seriously. Lady Gregory has abandoned the effort to found an Irish theatre after producing some of the most remarkable stage pictures of life, as seen by Synge, Yeats and others, ever attempted. Why? Simply because a theatre that is national is not national. It was not a national theatre that produced the "poetic and intellectual" plays of Synge and Yeats before the poetical and intellectual audience that heard and saw them. The great mass of the people did not like them, did not understand them. The "Play Boy of the Western World" was hissed off the stage by Irish audiences in New York and scornfully received in Dublin. Yet it is a splendid play and typically Irish—so Irish that the Irish did not recognize it, and surely art could go no higher than that. "General John O'Regan," to step away from the national theatre for a moment, is an Irish play that pleases Ireland and pleases America and would please Canada, too, but it has no claim to nationality. It amuses and instructs, is clever and witty.

The play's the thing. But it must not be too redolent of the soil. It must not be too individualistic, unless Bernard Shaw be the individual. And this brings us up to date and to the consideration of the latest three plays. These are Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," Galsworthy's "The Mob," and Shaw's "Major Barbara." Briefly Ibsen's is a criticism of democracy which, he shows, is mercenary at heart and which arouses itself when its interests are threatened. There is nothing national in that unless Norwegian democracy be different from Canadian, for example. "The Mob" excoriates provincialism on a national scale. A member of parliament incurs the wrath of the mob because he dares to tell them that a war in which the nation is engaged is unjust. His voice, raised on behalf of humanity, is his undoing. In "Major Barbara" the basic theme is that love, knowledge and power may combine for the betterment of mankind. Alone, Shaw holds, not one of the three is complete or effective. United, they may attack the gravest problems of life.

None of these typical plays is national in theme unless we wish to apply it nationally—they are not national in any sense and herein lies their great strength. If it be advanced that they are the product of British and Norwegian schools let it be admitted that they are written for international consumption and instruction as well. If we can produce playwrights who can produce international works, well and good. But we cannot hope to do anything worth while by producing "poetic and intellectual plays" for poetic and intellectual Canadians in little theatres, or big ones either.

THREE LADS

DOWN the road rides a German lad,
Into the distance grey;
Straight toward the north as a bullet flies,
The dusky north, with its cold, sad skies;
But the song that he sings is merry and glad,
For he's off to the war and away.
"Then hey! for our righteous king!" (he cries)
"And the good old God in his good old skies!
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes—
For I'm off to the war and away!"

Down the road rides a Russian lad,
Into the distance grey.
Out toward the glare of the steppes he spurs,
And he hears the wolves in the southern firs,
But the song that he sings is blithe and glad,
For he's off to the war and away.
"Then hey! for our noble tzar!" (he cries)
"And liberty that never dies!
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes—
For I'm off to the war and away!"

Down the road rides an English lad,
Into the distance grey.
Through the murk and fog of the river's breath,
Through the dank, dark night he rides to his death,
But the song that he sings is gay and glad,
For he's off to the war and away.
"Then hey! for our honest king!" (he cries),
"Then hey! for our honest king!" (he cries),
And ho! for love and a pair of blue eyes—
For I'm off to the war and away!"
—Elizabeth Chandler Forman, in *London Gazette*.

Dastardly German Acts in Africa

PRIVATE Johannes Myburgh, a Boer, graphically relates in The London Magazine for July the story of our campaign in German South-West Africa. The scarcity of water was our worst enemy, and in this connection he says:—

The Germans poisoned the wells at Swakopmund. This dastardly act was repeated all along the line of the German retreat. When General Botha first protested against such conduct to Colonel Frankie, the leader of the German forces, he replied that it was a matter of military necessity to delay the advance of the attackers; and, as though to excuse himself against a crime which was contrary to inter-

national law, he added that in each case where a well was poisoned the Germans had put up a notice to the effect that such course had been adopted. That excuse, thin enough in all conscience, was not even true. Many wells on our way had been poisoned and no word of warning had been left by the retreating Germans.

Fancy, for a moment, the position of men in that army! Advancing for miles through sandstorms and in terrific heat, they would come across a well. Can you wonder that some of them drank the water before the scientists with the army had a chance to come up and tell them whether or not the water was safe to drink?

In the course of our journey to Windhoek I saw many a man die—poisoned by drinking water in which the Germans had instilled death. These men knew when they drank the water the risk they ran, but their thirst was such that the chances of death by poisoning were not too great to be run if only their awful thirst could be appeased for a moment.

Nelson's Spirit Lives

MOST British and neutral writers on the subject of the naval action off Jutland agree that the British morale was superior to that of the Germans, and that to this indomitable fighting spirit, bred of long and glorious tradition, the victory was chiefly due. A writer in the Fortnightly Review says on this point:—

The majority of British admirals of the 'fifties and 'sixties believed that the advent of steam and steel, the abolition of the "cat," the advance of education, and the spread of democratic ideas meant the ruin of our naval primacy. Their fears have proved baseless. The new British Navy confronted the enemy on May 31st, and proved to the world that, though the ships have changed since British seamen won the supremacy of the seas in the opening years of the nineteenth century, the officers and men, in spite of later social, economic and naval developments, remain the same in spirit, still possessing the "fighting edge" and the "will to win." The success with which the personnel emerged from the trial constitutes the really important result of the battle of Jutland. Though the ships stood the test well, officers and men—not forgetting the engineers and their staffs, working out of sight down below—stood it better, and the prestige of the British Fleet, under Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, stands in 1916 where it stood in 1805 when Nelson's flag was hauled down in the Victory for the last time.

De Telegraaf, Amsterdam

The German Mother to the Kaiser: "My six . . . sons lie here. Where are yours?"

E Papademetriou, in Hellas, Athens

Kaiser: "Well, who gave YOU such a beating up?"
Turkey: "Russia! She attacked my rear."

Historic St. Quentin

ROMANCE and history cling to St. Quentin and Peronne, toward both of which the British and French advance on the Somme is pounding its way. Of the two cities St. Quentin is of more actual historical interest. The Romans called it Augusta Veromanduorum, and, during the centuries that the empire held sway over Gaul it was an important strategic point, standing as it did at the meeting place of five great military roads. As to its name, it is derived from that of Gaius Quintinus, a "preacher of Christianity," who journed to St. Quentin in the third century from Italy and was there martyred. Years afterwards a great church was erected to his memory on the top of the slope upon which the town is built, and it is still reckoned amongst the finest Gothic buildings in the north of France.

But that was not until the twelfth century. Before then St. Quentin had passed through many experiences, and had done its share in building up the history of mediaeval France. It was thrice ravaged by the Normans, and so constant was the menace from this quarter that toward the close of the ninth century the town was surrounded by a wall. The next notable epoch in its history was when it became, under Pepin, the grandson of Charlemagne, one of the favored places of the Counts of Vermandois. Count Herbert IV. was particularly desirous that the town should prosper. He granted it a charter in 1080—one of the first of the many subsequently granted to the towns in northern France—and when this was extended in 1103 St. Quentin moved on steadily towards a prosperous future. It took up the manufacture of cloth, and during the middle ages did much business in this way.

In 1420 the Burgundians, in the course of their ever recurring conflict with the kings of France, took possession of the city and remained in possession until 1471. Then in 1557 it was taken by the Spaniards. This was, perhaps, the most notable event in the town's long history! St. Quentin remained in Spanish hands until 1559, and in 1560 was assigned as the dowry of Mary Stuart.

During the reign of Louis XIV., St. Quentin was looked upon as a place of no little importance, and Louis erected elaborate fortifications for its defense. These were, however, demolished between 1810 and 1820, and with this demolition ended the long history of St. Quentin as a strong place.

—*Edinburg Scotsman.*

EVOLUTION OF A FOX

From the N. Y. Evening Telegram.

The Northumberland Fusiliers

THE Northumberland Fusilers, whose curious notion that they were not eligible for the V.C. has just been removed by the war office, are one of the oldest regiments in existence, and have a bewildering wealth of distinctions. Well do they deserve their nickname of the "Fighting Fifth": "the ever-fighting, never-failing Fifth"), for since their baptism of fire at Maestricht, two centuries and a quarter ago, they have been in the thick of it in almost all our wars, and boast no fewer than eighteen battle honors. For an amazing feat at Wilhelmstahl, when they took double their own number of the enemy prisoners, the Fifth were granted the very rare honor of a third color, and for another exploit they are privileged to wear roses in their caps on St. George's Day.—*London Chronicle.*

Is America Neutral ?

ANSWERING the question "Is America neutral?" the Regina Province says:

Prince Buelow is much distressed at the "biassed and unfriendly bearing of official and public America during the war," declared to be greatly to Germany's disadvantage. "Such ruthlessness as has been manifested towards us by official America and by the public in the course of the differences on the subject of the conduct of the submarine war we have never met with before, and it is probably unique in the history of the diplomatic relations of two great countries." There was, of course, nothing "ruthless" about the murder of American non-combatants on the Lusitania, the lives of the men, women and children ought cheerfully to have been sacrified on the altar of kultur. The prince's philosophy is, in fact, just that with which by this time we are so familiar—that no nation ought to resent anything which Germans think fit to do, even if it be "wrong" (as the German Chancellor admits), or the clearest possible breach of international law and the laws of humanity.

An Eventful Day

A SUNDAY evening telephone conversation is thus reported by the Edmonton Journal:—

"Hello, is that The Journal ?"

"Yes."

"Any news come in to-day ?"

"Russians have advanced south of Broody, captured six villages, and made prisoners of 140 officers and 5,500 men. British, north of Pozieres, have pushed forward from 400 to 600 yards, over a front of 3,000 yards. Turks have been driven back from the Suez canal and British took 2,500 prisoners. French have advanced north of Thiaumont. Italy has broken with Germany."

"That all ?"

"Yes, that's about all."

"Nothing very much happening these days, is there ?"

The Italian Campaign

THE Italian campaign attracts the least attention of all the Allied operations because of the difficulty of following it, observes the Manitoba Free Press. The fighting is taking place in the mountains, and the territorial changes in the line, even where important gains are made, are often so slight that no available map makes plain the operation. It is satisfactory to note, however, that the advantage of the fighting rests with the Italians and that they are making considerable hauls of prisoners. The average daily catch of Austro-Germans on all fronts runs into the thousands. Every little helps on the good work of depleting the Central Empires of their man power.

Who is Lying ?

GERMANY'S new food dictator declares that the alleged shortage of food in that country has been greatly exaggerated, according to the Woodstock Sentinel Review. The crops are excellent, he says, and supplies are assured for two years to come. Very well, then, assuming this to be true and that all the stories about food riots and restricted rations are lies and inventions of thee nemy, why are the apologists for German barbarism, from the Kaiser down, or up, whining about the poor, starving women and children of Germany? Somebody must be lying.

Poland's History

DISCUSSING the German proposal to erect Russian Poland into an independent state the *Ottawa Citizen* reviews some of the chief events in the history of the former kingdom and says:—

The kingdom of Poland met its first great modern disaster when, following the death of that Sobieski to whom the Teutons now unwittingly refer, the diet elected a German ruler in the person of Frederick, Elector of Saxony. And it was this German ruler who induced the nation to go to war with Russia and Denmark against Sweden. The result was the loss of Warsaw and the election of Stanislas Leszczynski Eventually, following Poltava, the Russians were instrumental in restoring Frederick.

The partitions of Poland which ensued in the course of time, are directly traceable to the intermeddling of Poland, which had grown great under Sobieski, in the affairs of Europe at the alternate dictation and instigation of Russia and Prussia. It is inconceivable that any German authority should now attempt to make out that the misfortunes of Poland were the result of Russian oppression; they were undoubtedly partly to blame, but Prussia has as much to answer for as Russia in this particular. Passing over that period during which the influence of Russia at the Polish court was very great, thanks to the intrigues of Catherine the Great, whose favorite, Stanislas Poniatowski, had been made king at her request, we come to the first partition. In this Russia participated —but so did Prussia and her present ally, Austria. And to the portions of Poland awarded them in 1772 both these countries have clung with a tenacity which, it is to be feared, will scarcely prompt them to restore them now to their rightful owners. Prussia secured East Prussia and Austria was given Galicia. In the present mag-

Reynolds's Newspaper, London

The Yards They Win

"So many yards our troops have won
In their wild onsault on Verdun.
I know those 'yards,'" the Kaiser said,
"They're graveyards thick with German dead."

nanimous granting to Poland of her ancient privileges there is no mention of returning either East Prussia or Galicia.

In the second partition—that of 1793—the spoilers were Russia and Prussia. In this division the latter received 22,500 square miles of Polish territory with a population of over a million persons. When Kosciuszko made his great effort to free his country from Russian domination at this time he might have succeeded but for the intervention on behalf of Russia or Prussia and Austria. With the crushing of the liberator came a third partition and again Prussia was on hand for her share. This time she got 21,000 square miles and Warsaw, along with a million inhabitants, while Austria, her past and present ally, secured 18,000 square miles and another million people. Thus Poland ceased to exist as a nation. She had been gobbled up by three mouths. Russia had the reatestg appetite but Prussia and Austria were very hearty eaters. It is amusing to read of Germany's references to the glories of Sobieski and other Polish heroes at this time and in the light of history.

But there is no need to go so far back for topics to arouse the national spirit of the Poles. Many of them still recall the revolutions of 1846-48 when the people rose against their Prussian and Austrian masters and were slaughtered for their patriotism. Russia, too, has been guilty of countless atrocities but there is this to her credit: that she has never been hypocritical about her treatment of the Poles or her intentions toward them.

HOME FOR A REST

"Well, Sam, I'm glad, an' ag'in I'm sorry."—*Toronto World*

Amused by Hughes

CANADIAN newspapers have shown a disposition to be amused at some of the speeches made by ex-Judge Hughes in the course of his campaign, and the Toronto News remarks:—

"When I say 'I am an American citizen' 'I ought to say the proudest thing that any man can say in this world." Thus spoke, Mr. Hughes, Republican candidate for the Presidency, at Detroit, and The New York World, quoting from a familiar ballad, adds: "For he might have been a Rooshian, a French or Turk or Prooshian, or perhaps an I-tal-i-an!" Yes, and he might have been an Englishman or a Canadian and have helped to defend civilization and human freedom against German aggression.

British Casualties

THE news that the British casualties during October were well over 100,000 makes tragic but stimulating reading. The news tells us what those at the front are doing—and it presents a sharp and insistent question to men of service age here in Canada who have not yet joined the colors—after two years and three months of war.

The October casualties, heavy as they are, fall substantially below the figures for September and August, says the *St. John Telegraph*. The average for October was, roughly, 3,400 a day. Appalling as such a casualty list is from a humane standpoint, it is by no means alarming from a purely military point of view in this world war It must be remembered that all of these men are not lost to the British army. Many of them are only slightly wounded, which will not permanently incapacitate them for service. Some authorities maintain that fifty per cent. of those mentioned in the casualty lists return to the front. The Germans claim a much higher proportion. But if fifty per cent. is anywhere near correct, it means that the sheer wastage in man power of the British forces in October was approximately 50,000. It is pointed out that "while our gains of territory in October were not so substantial as those of September, there is on the other hand the fact that a large proportion of the casualties reported in October actually took place in the September fighting." In the same way, it was officially announced that the July casualties were 59,675, and the August casualties 127,945, although the big offensive was begun in July and with a heavier loss than resulted from the August fighting. "The inference," says one observer, "must be that the August reports include many July casualties and that the September reports of 119,549 and October of 108,255 (making a total for four months of 415,424), undoubtedly contain fig-

Come on my sons, your brothers need you.—*Toronto News*

ures rightfully belonging to the preceding months respectively. This makes the downward tendency all the more significant."

One thing the British losses show: Great Britain is not "lying back and letting the French do the fighting, in order that France may exhaust herself in the war and cease to be a rival of England." Such a hideous suggestion, of course, has never been taken seriously by the people of France, and was only made by the enemy in the hope of causing friction between the Allies. The October casualty list shows that the British have borne the brunt of the new operations; for the French losses in the same offensive were not more than 250,000. As a writer in the *Boston Transcript* said recently: "The world must credit the British nation with entire readiness to make the utmost offering of blood and treasure which the necessity of victory exacts."

The British did not have a big army in action until the comparatively recent months. That is to be kept in mind in reading these comparisons, made by the war editor of the *New York Tribune*, Mr. Simonds:

The losses of the Germans in the first four months of severe fighting, September, October, November and December, 1914, were 842,400, as shown by the official German lists. As the British losses at the Somme in the four months period of July, August, September and October, 1916, were only 415,000, it is clear that they cannot be excessive.

This comparison can be even more clearly shown by putting the losess in tables. Thus:

German Losses 1914.	
September	125,400
October	279 800
November	235,300
December	201,900
	842,400

British Losses 1916.	
July	59,000
August	128,000
September	120 000
October	108.000
	415,000

For the first four months of active fighting the German loss was at the rate of 210,000. The British monthly rate for the Somme has been 104,000. In the first five months of the war German casualties amounted to 1,005,000, as shown by the German lists. Up to date the British total loss has been 1,119,000. Thus Germany lost in five months almost as many men as Great Britain has lost in twenty-seven.

"Despite the words of Hindenburg," says Mr. Simonds, "French manpower is not exhausted and Joffre the other day affirmed that the French had more troops in line than in the early months of the war. But French manpower would be exhausted if France were compelled to lose for two years more at the rate of the past two years. This will not happen. More and more the British will take over sectors on the Western front, but in doing this they will steadily expand their casualties."

BRITAIN—Greater Britain—must do most of the work on the western front this year and next. What that will mean in casualties is clear enough from the recent battle [illegible]. Those Canadians who have been hoping, or thinking, the war is over, must look the truth in the face. It is late in the day to do so, but there is still time for service. To men of service age and physical fitness the call of the new battalions is the call of manhood, of duty, patriotism, self-respect. Young men who should be in khaki but are not must be asking themselves with increasing frequency how they can hope to hold up their heads in the years to come. The hour presents to every young man a test which cannot be evaded. It is a sheer choice between honor and dishonor.

Our Peat Bogs

IN view of the almost prohibitive price to which coal has climbed within the past two years, the current number of the Journal of the Canadian Peat Society gives some timely information relative to the peat deposits scattered over Canada. An idea of the extent and value of these deposits may be had from the statement that seven bogs in the Montreal district could furnish that city with 23,500,000 tons of fuel; five bogs convenient to the city of Quebec by water are estimated to be capable of supplying 16,250,000 tons of fuel and 5,750,000 tons of litter; Nova Scotia bogs in Yarmouth, Shelburne and Lunenburg Counties will produce 6,250,000 tons of fuel and 500,000 tons of peat litter; six bogs investigated in Prince Edward Island can furnish 1,250,000 tons of fuel and over 1,000,000 tons of litter, says the *Charlottetown Gurardian*.

The peat bogs investigated in Prince Edward Island are situated at Black Marsh, Portage, Miscouche, Muddy Creek, Mount Stewart, Black Banks and Mermaid. These are treated separately in bulletin eleven issued by the Mine's Branch of the Department of Mines. The bulletins are profusely illustrated and contain among other things plates illustrative of the botany of the bogs. Inset maps show the location of the bogs investigated, also appendices are given with copies of Canadian patents descriptive of machinery for the handling and manufacture of peat fuel.

With these enormous quantites of fuel lying untouched all over Canada,

coal six to twelve dollars a ton, and the ingenuity of the Empire working overtime to develop our natural resources the time should not be far distant when our peat bogs are compelled to give up their latent wealth for man's necessities.

Development work has been in progress for some years past in the direction of utilizing our peat deposits and much has been accomplished. Just before the outbreak of the war several companies were organized in Ontario to develop peat bogs but unfortunately the tying up of capital incident to the war cut off most of the enterprises and but little effective work has been accomplished. Sufficient has been done however to demonstrate the value of peat as fuel. At Alfred, a place favorably located with regard to Ottawa and Montreal markets, peat fuel was sold last year at $3.50 per ton f. o. b. Alfred or $5.75 per ton delivered in Ottawa. About 900 tons were manufactured. No doubt further development work will be carried on now under pressure of present coal prices. In the meantime peat bogs are being utilized very profitably in many places in the production of blueberries and cranberries. In New Jersey, according to bulletin recently issued by the United States Department of Agriculture (bulletin 334) experiments have been in progress for some years with a veiw to the commercial growing of blueberries in field plantations. A plantation of about two and a half acres was started in 1889 in a natural blueberry bog which was drained and set with unselected wild blueberries. The plantation was profitable from the first. For five years the average yield was 2,000 quarts of fruit per acre, yielding at an average price of 14 cents an annual profit of $137 per acre.

We have in this province many acres of peat bog which pending the manufacture of peat into fuel might very profitably be used for the cultivation of blueberries or cranberries, the latter having been cultivated most successfully for many years, notably at Muddy Creek. Blueberry culture has not, so far as we know, been attempted. With a promise of a yield of $100 or more per acre this undeveloped natural resource should receive some attention.

Almost anybody would rather be an unpopular talker than a popular listener.

NOTHING GAINED

The Last Post.—*Montreal Star*

IT is said that the German people are comparatively free from stomach troubles since the war has made overeating so difficult for them. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. A little restriction in the use of food is not an unmixed evil, remarks the Woodstock *Sentinel-Review*. In the old days gluttony was classified along with drunkenness as a serious sin. Of late the whole of the emphasis has been placed on drunkenness, to the neglect of gluttony. And humanity is paying for its neglect, both in doctors' bills and in stomach troubles.

Mark Twain, Pessimist

WHAT is life? "It is all a dream—a grotesque and foolish dream Nothing exists but you. And you are but a thought—a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought, wandering forlorn among the empty eternities." There is nothing very original or unusual about such a summing up; the remarkable thing, the astonishing thing, is that such words should have been given to the world as summing up the life experience of a man who had spent the greater part

of his life amusing the world. They are found at the end of what was doubtless the last book written by Mark Twain and published since his death.

It is a most depressing book, in the opinion of the *Woodstock Sentinel Review*, charged from beginning to end with the spirit of pessimism. To many it will appear a shocking book. The world is represented as nothing but sin and humbug. Creation is a failure, partly farcical, partly tragical. The Creator is bluntly characterized as "a God who could make good children as easily as bad, yet preferred to make bad ones; who could have made every one of them happy, yet never made a single happy one; who made them prize their bitter life, yet stingily cut it short; who gave His angels eternal happiness unearned, yet required His children to earn it; who gave His angels painless lives, yet cursed His other children with biting miseries of mind and body," and so on and so on, and worse and worse. Apparently the only good there is to be found in all the world is the death which puts an end to the world.

It would be an interesting study to trace the process by which the man who gave us "Tom Sawyer" arrived at such a conclusion. Was he always a pessimist? And did he devote his life to the production of humor simply as a relief from his pessimism? Or was it that, having skilled himself in the use of ridicule against sin and humbug, he came at last to see nothing but sin and humbug?

Of sin and humbug there is enough in the world and more than enough. But surely there is something more, and surely there is a great deal more. If one were to fix his thoughts exclusively on conditions as they are in the world to-day he might come to the conclusion that creation was a failure and that the sooner humanity succeeded in destroying itself the better; but it would be as great a mistake to see nothing in the world conflict of to-day but the slaughter as it would be to see nothing in the slaughter but the glory.

Any man who wants to make a case for pessimism can do so. The evidence is forcing itself upon us from every direction and from every department of life. Sin and misery abound like weeds and disease germs. But there are nobility and purpose and beauty and happiness also. The man who desires to take life as it is and make the most of it will not want for inspiration and encouragement. He will find the justification for life in the very joy of living. Optimism, of course, does not represent the whole of life, any more than pessimism. Much of the misery of the world seems purposeless and there is no use trying to hide the fact behind a cloud of fine words. But to judge the world by the misery in it and by that alone would be to judge wrongly and unjustly.

Go Out and Taste November Joys

NOVEMBER, like March, is a boisterous member of the year's brotherhood. The winds blow strong and frequently cold in November and complete the disrobing of the trees except that of the oaks, whose garments are sewed on to stay until springtime. There is a prejudice against November. It is hard to tell why. The wind is one of nature's cleansers, and is busy in this month. The wind hurts no one. It is no heroic effort to walk against it. November winds make the blood tingle and the cheeks flush. Moreover, November has its gentle days which have the likeness of spring. Dandelions bloom the second time in November, and occasionally the hepatica is daring and puts forth a flower "to take the winds of the month with beauty." The last of the birds which go to the Southland every year leave us in November, and the same month sees the coming of the birds of the far North to whom the middle country is a land of warmth and plenty. The last myrtle bird goes south in the gray month and the redpoll comes to take its place. November is far from being a forbidding month. The man who clings to the fireside cannot know its joys.—*The Daily Ontario, Belleville.*

"He scowls, but he can't interfere."—*Amherst Daily News*

Hailebury's "Bit"

"WHAT is Haileybury doing in this war?" is a question that might be asked by someone who is not in "the know." "For the size of our town and the fact that Haileybury is practically new, there is nothing to be ashamed about the showing made by our little county town. The Haileyburian has been running in its columns an honor roll worthy of a place four times its size. The honor roll now contains about 260 names of Haileybury men, most of whom enlisted with the various units which were recruited here. Fourteen of our brave lads have given their lives for their country, and nineteen have been wounded, one missing, and three prisoners of war in Germany. The 159th Battalion, which will soon be in England, took away from Haileybury practically all our eligible young men and their doings will be watched with untiring interest by the hundreds of mothers, wives, sisters and others. Two Haileybury men have won the much coveted Distinguished Conduct Medal, viz.: Pte. Dinny Morgan and Sergt. R. G. MacCarthy, and it goes without saying that our boys will bring credit to themselves and the town to which they belong.—*The Haileyburian.*

Our Thanks

DOROTHY SAMPSON, of Chicago, who has lately returned from Europe, says that the gladdest sight to her, a sight she cannot get enough of, is the sight of so many young men on the streets of American cities—young men, whole men, men with their arms and legs and eyes intact.

"In the cities of Europe," she says, "one sees only old men and cripples. If Americans could all experience the contrast in this one thing alone, they would get down on their knees and thank God for peace."

And the *Duluth Herald* adds: "And for Wilson, who has kept the peace, and who is a statesman of peace and not of war. "Thank God for Wilson and peace."

All the wide world can join in at least a portion of that: Thank God for peace—but the people of Great Britain, and Canadians also, in the judgment of the *Brandon Sun*, thought, and still think, there is too high a price to pay for even such a desirable state as peace.

We thank God for peace in our homelands and for the brave fellows willing to sacrifice arms, legs, life itself, that their dear ones may rest safe from the ravages of the Kaiser and his pack. It is hard for Canadians to offer thanks to God for peace and Wilson, for we have not forgotten the Lusitania.

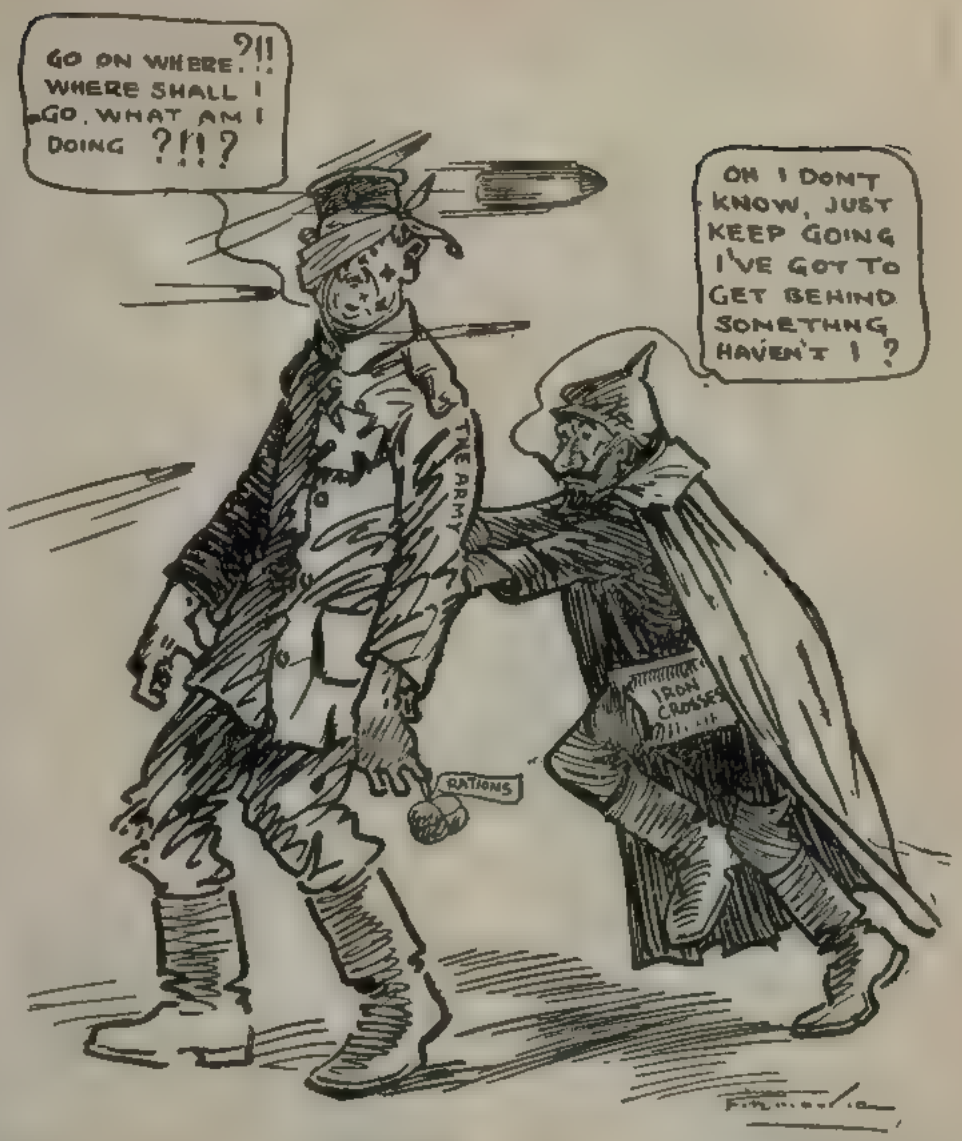
Thank God for peace and the legless, the armless, and those who walk no more with us.

Prairie Chicken Becoming Extinct

EVERY lover of the outdoors will support the city council of Calgary in its memorial to the Alberta legislature, petitioning that the prairie chicken be protected by a close season until such time as their numbers increase to their former proportions. Ten years ago somewhat similar conditions existed. The prairie chicken was almost as extinct as the dodo, but the government of that period, at the request of the sportsmen of the province, enacted a law that proscribed the killing of prairie chicken until further notice. This legislation gave the species an opportunity to propagate, and in a few years there were enough birds to justify the removal of the prohibitory law. The last two summers have been very unfavorable for the raising of prairie chicken broods. The springs have been wet and late, and the chicks have not hatched or have died soon after hatching. The hunter must be also held responsible for the disappearance of this unexcelled game bird, and even if the authorities do not pass a protective law, he should take the matter into his own hands and do his best to preserve a species that has no equal in the world.—*Exchange.*

The Noblest Epitaph

NO finer epitaph was ever written for any man than "Killed in Action while Fighting with the Allies in the Great War." Those simple words will tell the world through years to come that men of whom they were written counted it not loss but gain to die in defense of Right and Freedom. Their stations in life, their wealth, their intellectual vigor—all these are nothing. They gave their lives for others and counted the sacrifice privilege. Life was a better thing for such men than for the men compelled to stay at home. The latter have had no glorious part in history's mightiest and most noble crusade. They have none of the joy which must come from sacrifice for others. Through the years of life that may be left to them they will carry the remembrance that others fought for them and others gave service which it was not theirs to give. There will not be condemnation but there will be regret. But their thoughts in the future will at least have none of that sting and shame which will belong to the thoughts of men who stayed at home because they were unwilling to go. "Killed in Action"—the noblest epitaph of all. It is bringing sorrow to many Canadian homes but it is bringing proper pride for the men of whom it is written that have their names upon the roll of the Empire's sacred dead.—*Amherst Guardian.*


GO ON WHERE?!! WHERE SHALL I GO. WHAT AM I DOING ?!!?
OH I DON'T KNOW, JUST KEEP GOING I'VE GOT TO GET BEHIND SOMETHNG HAVEN'T I ?
THE ARMY
IRON CROSS
RATIONS

Why Numbers are Withheld

THERE have been many comments on the fact that Canadian newspapers are not now giving the numbers of the battalions in which casualties occur, while, on the other hand, British newspapers give this information with regard to British casualties. As a matter of fact, Canadian newspapers are forbidden to do so by the Canadian censorship rules, and an explanation for this procedure is given in a letter to the *Toronto Star* from Major Ernest J. Chambers, chief press censor for Canada, in reply to certain criticisms about this very matter appearing in the Toronto daily.

Mr. Chambers writes: "I observe in a recent issue of the *Star* a criticism of the censorship for the suppression of the numbers of battalions in the Canadian expeditionary force, alike in records of events and in the publication of casualty lists. I can assure you that this is not an unconsidered eccentricity of censorship, but it is in response to the urgent request of the British higher command.

"You note as a discrepancy that in British casulaty lists, etc., the regiments are mentioned. At first sight this seems to be inconsistent with the rule followed about Canadian corps. There is, however, a perfectly natural explanation. The apparent discrepancy is due to a difference in organization.

"The infantry of the united kingdom is divided into "regiments," and these for the most part bear territorial designations. Each regiment has many battalions, the number being fixed by the population of the territory to which it is attached. Thus the London regiment, to which you refer, has between 25 to 30 battalions, and the Northumberland regiment, which also you mention, has more than 30 battalions. The guards regiments have increased the number of their battalions since the war began. The several battalions of one of these regiments are assigned to brigades in various places; one battalion of a regiment may be in India, another in Mesopotamia, a third at Saloniki, and a dozen more in France. A given brigade may have the 6th

battalion of one regiment, the 10th of another, the 8th of a third and the 2nd of a fourth.. Thus a statement that soldiers of the Lancashire regiment participated in a charge betrays no military secret; to mention which battalion of the Lancashire regiment it was that charged would be a serious indiscretion, for it would reveal to an enemy who has made it his business to learn our "order of battle" what brigade what division, what army corps, what army, has been engaged; and such details are kept as secret as possible.

"An example of this is afforded by the cavalry of the regular army. Cavalry regiments do not possess numerous sub-organizations; there are a certain number of Hussar regiments, of dragoon regiments, of lancers, and so forth, and when a cavalry officer's name appears in the casualty list, he is described simply as "hussar" or a "dragoons" or "lancers," the numeral being omitted.

"The Canadian expeditionary force is not organized in regiments; it is organized in single battalions. We may be perfectly sure that the place of each battalion at the front in the brigade and divisional organization of the Canadian army corps is perfectly well known to the enemy; so that to reveal that the 1st or the 18th, or the 49th or 72nd battalion suffered losses in a given period, is to show which of our divisions was engaged.

"At first this did not matter greatly, as there was only one Canadian division, and it either was engaged or was not; the enemy probably had little trouble in finding out when he was fighting our men. Now, however, there are several Canadian divisions; some may be in rest camp and the others in the front line, or all might be in the front line, that is a question which the enemy might consider extremely important. It is to baffle this curiosity that the rule exits.

"If the Canadian expeditionary force were organized into territorial regiments of many battalions. If, for example, the 2nd, the 38th, the 39th, the 59th, the 77th, and the 80th were all battalions, of the eastern Ontario regiment, the English rule would follow, but that organization does not prevail with us.

Cardinal Mercier's View

WHETHER a soldier who gives his life on the field of battle for the cause of hamanity can by this act cancel earlier sins is a question which has been widely discussed in the Canadians press. The *London Advertiser* republishes the Christmas Pastoral, 1914, of Cardinal Mercier which deals with this matter:—

"If I am asked what I think of the eternal salvation of a brave man who has consciously given his life in defence of his country's honor, and in vindication of violated justice, I shall not hesitate to reply that without any doubt whatever Christ crowns his military valor, and that death, accepted in this Christian spirit, assures the safety of that man's soul. Greater love hath no man than this, said our Saviour, that a man lay down his life for his friends. And the soldier who dies to save his brothers, and to defend the hearths and altars of his country, reaches this highest of all degrees of charity. He may not have made a close analysis of the value of his sacrifice; but must we suppose that God requires of the plain soldier in the excitement of battle the methodical precision of the moralist or the theologian? Can we who revere his heroism doubt that his God welcomes him with love? Christian mothers, be proud of your sons. Of all griefs, of all our human sorrows, yours is perhaps the most worthy of veneration. I think I behold you in your affliction, but erect, standing at the side of the Mother of Sorrows, at the foot of the cross. Suffer us to offer you not only our condolence, but our congratulation. Not all our heroes obtain temporal honors, but for all we expect the immortal crown of the elect. For this is the virtue of a single act of perfect charity. It cancels a whole lifetime of sins—it transforms a sinful man into a saint."

Open Letters to Mr. Hearst

H. J. PETTYPIECE, EX.-M.P.P., East Lambton, writes an open letter to Premier Hearst, in which he makes this rather novel appeal:

At this time of unprecedented trial, when thousands of our people are dispensing with many of the ordinary comforts of life, and often with actual necessaries, in order to provide medical and hospital aid and other requirements for our soldiers at the front, it would be a wise and encouraging move on the part of those in higher places, to dispense, for a time, with the luxury of the Government House and convert it into a home for the invalid soldiers returning from the battle fields It is none too good for them. I would, therefore, move, seconded by over two million other residents of the province, that the Government House be placed at the disposal of a suitable committee of medical men and nurses and used for the care of our soldiers who are invalided home, so long as it may be needed for that purpose.

Bilingualism

THE Privy Council decision with regard to bilingual schools, and the Papal letter on the subject promise to put an end to bilingual agitation in Ontario. Practically every paper in the Province has commented upon the judgment of the highest court in the British Empire, and we reproduce a paragraph or two from the *Brantford Courier:*

Regulation 17 of the Ontario School Act stands.

This is the decision of the Privy Council, the highest court of law in the Empire, and it has been reached after legal quibbles in the matter, lasting for over two years.

The rule spoken of enacts that as soon as pupils enter the public schools of this Province, they shall begin to study in the English language, but there is also the proviso that when necessary in the case of French-speaking pupils, that language may be used for instruction and communication in Form One, and in other forms with regard to French reading, grammar and composition as far as the chief inspector approves. The danger of an entering wedge in this regard, however, is avoided by the proviso that said instruction "shall not interfere with the adequacy of the instruction in English."

In the language of Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education, "The decision means that the department in educational matters is supreme, showing that they have the right to control the school systems in the Province of Ontario."

Continued on page 125.

Every man his own tank

SIX FIFTY HORSE POWER SEVEN-PASSENGER $1450

From the extreme simplicity of its powerful motor down to the perfection attained in the construction of its famous full-floating rear axle, you cannot help but appreciate the unrivalled value that $1450 buys in the Series 17 Studebaker SIX.

"Made in Canada" by experts who have designed and built it with a complete knowledge of what a car needs, to give service and satisfaction on the rough, heavy roads and steep hills of Canada. This Studebaker SIX proves the fallacy of paying hundreds of dollars more in order to obtain such power, roominess and fine appearance.

The Studebaker SIX is the largest car on the market at its price, or within hundreds of dollars of its price. It seats seven passengers in comfort — and seven full-grown people, too. Upholstered throughout in genuine leather and curled hair — your money cannot buy better quality.

The most expensive types of springs and rear axle are used in the construction of this SIX — giving a maximum of comfort and safety under every riding condition. Big, ample brakes and simple controls, easily accessible, make this an ideal car for the woman driver.

Dignity and distinction mark the lines of the Studebaker SIX — and a body finish put on by 25 separate paint and varnish operations makes it stand out from the hundreds of cars you pass on the boulevard.

Studebaker leads all other manufacturers in the production of fine cars at a medium price — and it is this tremendous production that makes it possible for Studebaker to offer this seven-passenger, six-cylinder car at a price that is hundreds of dollars lower than other cars that give as much.

We urge you to see this wonderful Studebaker SIX now. Inspect it from "stem to stern"—and let the salesman give you a thorough demonstration, that will take you over the rough roads and up the steep hills, in fact, everywhere you choose.

Put the Series 17 Studebaker SIX to any test—and watch how it responds to every call of the driver.

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How shall I wear my watch?
THE DISAPPEARING EYE
WHAT an added pleasure its convenience gives to the wearing of a Watch. In an instant you can change your Waltham from a wrist watch to a regular watch, and wear it in a variety of pleasing ways. The little eye at the bottom of the case folds back out of sight when its use as a wrist watch is not desired. Your Jeweler will gladly show them to you in a variety of grades, as low as $18.
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WALTHAM WATCH CO.
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As a Leather Wristlet Watch
Ask your jeweler to show you The Waltham Convertible Wristlet Watch

$100.00 IN GOLD FOR YOUR CHURCH

IF YOUR CHURCH HAS DEBTS—NEEDS AN ORGAN OR WISHES TO DECORATE AND MAKE REPAIRS

Here is an opportunity to get money needed easily and quickly without any of the usual fuss and bother of the old-fashioned, unprofitable ice cream festival, chicken fry, etc.

Write us at once for particulars of our $100 Cash Offer to Churches, or bring this ad. to the attention of an officer of your Ladies' Aid Society or Sunday School. Act quickly. Address, CHURCH AID DEPT.

CANADA MONTHLY ∴ TORONTO, ONT.

Canada's Place in the Moving Picture World

Continued from page 80.

IT was about seven years ago that a little Canadian girl left Montreal for New York, determined to conquer in the theatrical centre of the United States. She was Florence La Badie and at that time few persons had ever heard her name. But Florence had mdae up her mind that she would become an actress—and when she decides to do a thing she does it.

She besieged the booking offices and finally obtained a part with Chauncey Olcott in "Ragged Robin." She toured the country in that play and returned to New York to find that people were taking an interest in a strange new art—the motion picture.

She heard that a man named D. W. Griffith, down at the Biograph studio, seemed to be making the best pictures and she decided to join the Biograph company. She approached Mr. Griffith and told him of her decision. There was nothing left for him to do but to make her a member of his company.

She went to the Pacific Coast with the Biograph company and after a year in California she returned to New York. She wanted to be nearer Montreal where her friends lived.

One day she applied at the Thanhouser studios and Edwin Thanhouser told her that he would file her application and that if he needed her he would send for her.

Miss La Badie had heard that before. But that evening Mr. Thanhouser went to a motion picture theatre and saw in a Biograph picture the girl who had applied that afternoon. She showed such promise that he sent for her. That was nearly six years ago. Florence La Badie has been a Thanhouser star ever since.

Her greatest success was in "The Million Dollar Mystery," one of the first and probably the most successful motion picture serial ever made. Miss LoBadie is a splendid emotional actress and also is a daring athlete—a combination seldom found. She is always ready to take any chance for the sake of a good scene.

She is doing finer things now than ever before and her new feature pictures, released through the Pathe exchanges, have been praised unanimously by the critics. Her newest Thanhouser-Pathe features are "The Fugitive," "The Fear of Poverty" and "Saint, Devil and Woman."

Miss La Badie was a pupil in the Convent of Notre Dame in Montreal. She loves Canada and returns to her native land at every opportunity. In

Oddielon La Badie, at his estate in St. Lambert. Mr. La Badie is a prominent attorney in Montreal and the La Badie family have lived there for many generations.

Brother Tom to The Rescue

Continued from page 95.

my Greek. Your part has been very simple, I am sure. I have done all the planning and taken the brunt of the work. The slight assistance you have been able to render has enabled me to perfect my methods. When I get out my pamphlet on 'First Aid to the Injured,' your name shall be mentioned." Mollie was not resenting anything he was saying. She was thinking her own thoughts, and her cheeks were scarlet and her eyes were blazing.

"Well, I am going to give it up," she repeated.

"Think of the bay!" said Tom. Mollie never heeded.

"It is impossible to do anything for a person like Mac," she went on.. "He wants the most idiotic things."

"What does he want? To act with Lois in the pantomime?"

"No," shortly.

"What, then? To have you interoede with Lois? To have Warwick left cut of the party? 'o——"

"No," burst ourt Mollie, her voice rising to a climax with the preposterousness of it, her face scarlet and exasperated. "He wants to marry me!"

Tom dropped the pink sheet and sat up. His eyes were as saucers as he surveyed his angry sister. He gasped weakly, endeavoring to ask her to corroborate his impression of what she had said. Then he sank back upon the sofa and howled and roared and shouted until his voice died away from sheer exhaustion and only his legs waving feebly in the air testified to his enjoyment. Mollie sat tensely and waited.

"Wha—what did you tell him?" he whispered at last.

"I told him I only did it because you got me into it and I was sorry for Lois and——"

"Did you tell him about the horse?"

She nodded, and again Tom abandoned himself to his emotions. "I guess your name will have to go first on the pamphlet," he said.

"And he asked me"—Mollie's stern eyes were on her listener—"if I put my photographs in his room——"

"I did it," said Tom; "that was my opening coup. I put the cross-eyed one on the mantel and the one in pantalets on the pipe rack. I spent time and thought in collecting and arranging them. You need not blame me for the present dilemma. They ought to have acted as a preventive;" and the memory of them sent him back into convulsions.

Mrs. Patterson opened the door and looked in. "What *are* you two doing?" she said.

"Just having a little conversation," returned her son amiably. "It is connected with our mission. We are thinking strongly of disbanding."

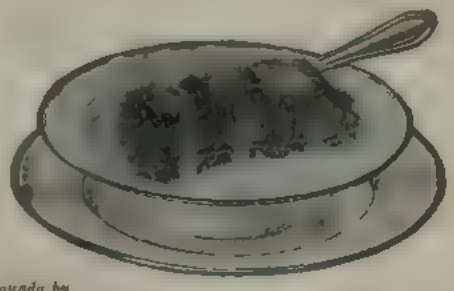
Festive with scarlet and green was the Patterson house on Christmas morning. The sun poured in at the windows of the dining room, where the family lingered, cheerfully busy. Lois was

Breakfast in Five Minutes

Getting a warm, nourishing breakfast on a cold morning for a commuter-husband that must catch a train and a hungry boy that must hustle to school is easy for the woman who knows

Shredded Wheat

the ready-cooked, ready-to-eat, whole wheat food that supplies all the nutriment needed for a half day's work or play. Heat two or more Biscuits in the oven to restore crispness, then pour hot milk over them, adding a little cream and a dash of salt. The perfect food to work on, to study on, to play on. Better than porridges because it encourages mastication, which develops sound teeth and healthy gums. Always the same price, always the same high quality.



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Canada Monthly, Toronto, Ont.

Here are Two O-Cedar Mops

Either of them will make a most acceptable gift for any woman who takes pride in her own housework

Think how this woman will appreciate a Mop—and your originality and thought which suggested it—when she views the heap of useless trumpery presents she is sure to get this Christmas.

75c. and $1.50

$1.00 and $1.50

An O-Cedar Mop lightens housework. Thoroughly efficient itself to do the work at long distance—its long handle banishes forever the back-breaking bending.

Make Some Woman Happy with a "Practical Present"

Have You Tried O-Cedar Polish

Thousands of women, all over the continent, feel that they couldn't keep house without it.

O-Cedar Polish quickly cleans every speck of dust and grime from fine furniture, and imparts to this clean surface a hard, lustrous finish as gleaming as glass. In short—it "cleans as it polishes." Dampen a cheesecloth duster with equal parts of water and O-Cedar Polish. Shine up with a soft, dry cloth.

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Expense Money for College Students

We have openings for several young college men and women in various sections of the Dominion in connection with our Circulation Promotion work.

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If you are interested in a proposition that would increase your income during your course in College, write us at once and we will send you full particulars by first mail.

CANADA MONTHLY

Mail Bldg., Toronto, Ontario.

Circulation Promotion Department.

tying red ribbons around white tissue-paper packages and humming to herself. Mrs. Patterson was directing Tom as he sat upon a stepladder and painstakingly hung a holly wreath at every angle but the right one. Only Mollie stood idly looking out of the window. Mollie was getting rather into the habit of idly looking out of windows. Tom, from his lofty seat, cast an interested eye down at her.

"That will do, Tom," said his mother, but Tom sat still.

"We never decided what to give Mac for Christmas, did we?" he said solemnly.

"I do hope the Ransoms will come to-night," said Mollie, with feverish haste.

"I do!" said Tom. "But, as I was saying, we have not yet decided what to give Mac for Christmas. It is the only cloud. I looked over the lists in the morning papers—they are always helpful; but there was nothing there except 'What to Give Grandpa' and 'Conceits for the Cook.'" He had one hand in his pocket as he descended from the ladder and joined Mollie at the window. When he strolled away again he had the pleased look of the skilful sleight-of-hand man. Lois had taken her packages into another room. Mrs. Patterson had gone to the kitchen.

"Why! What—" broke out Mollie.

"What's up?" demanded Tom, roused from his appreciative and proprietary contemplation of his unconscious sister.

"It's a horse!" said Mollie. "And—and Mac!"

"Right on time!" murmured Tom. Two steps took him to the side porch, where he indeed beheld a horse, a beautiful bay, bearing a lady's saddle and led by Mr. Campbell. Without ceremony Mac dropped the bridle into Tom's hand and ran up the steps. Mollie heard the door open behind her, but she did not turn. It was quite half a minute before Mac spoke.

"Do you like it, Mollie?" he said.

"Do I like it?" she cried. "Is it really for me, Mac?" She faced him with radiant eyes, that were, after all, uncommonly shy for Mollie's eyes. "I'm going out to see it."

"Well, first, Mollie"—Mac spoke diffidently—"there is something pinned to your blouse."

Mollie flew to the mirror. Across the shoulders of her white dress stretched a broad red ribbon. On it in bold black letters—so black and bold that even the reversed reflection in the mirror was easy to read—stood the inscription:

Mac's Xmas Present.

As the red of the ribbon turned Mollie.

"Tom did it," she faltered.

"Yes," said Mac, "but may I have it?"

"You may have the ribbon," said Mollie.

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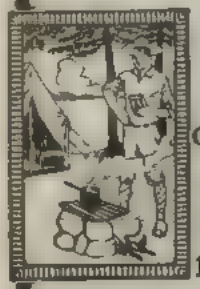

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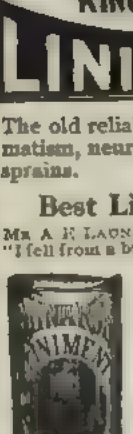

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Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 85.

stirring, walking about the grounds."

I replied sulkily that I didn't want to. His eye lighted up a little at that, and I knew I had him fairly hooked.

"Come," he said bruskly, "no nonsense, now!"

And then he called an order to the guard who stood in the corridor to bring my clothes. When he came in with them—and I noticed with joy that they were the same that I had worn yesterday—I sulkily acquiesced in the doctor's orders and began to dress myself.

"Now, off with you," said Dr. Berry good-humoredly, when my hasty toilet was completed, and he called to the guard:

"Show him all about the place. Don't bring him back for an hour. This air will be just the thing for him."

Once outside the building with the guard at my elbow, I paused for just an instant and sent up an unspoken prayer of thanksgiving. I was clad again, and I was out under the blue sky. And on the other side of that distant wall ran a highway that led to freedom.

Up in my little cell under the eaves the doctor was already engrossed with my laboriously scrawled "revelations." They would keep him busy for an hour at least—for the hour I needed.

I turned to my guard and smiled a little. He was a burly, low-browed brute with "thug" writ large all over him. But that did not distress me. It was man to man between us.

He made no objection when I set out briskly across the lawn in the direction of the wood and the place where I knew the wall was. I noticed, though, that every minute or two he cast a cautious glance behind him. I dared not look, but looking was unnecessary. It could not have been apprehension that made him look back.

After a moment's thought the explanation occurred to me. He was keeping an eye on his reserves. The doctor's instructions had, no doubt, been that a second man should follow us to give aid to my companion, or spread the alarm, as circumstances might require.

The conclusion did not seriously disturb me. In my present state of exalted confidence two men were hardly more to be feared than one. What was essential to my plan was that the reserves should be drawn in. The second man must run to his comrade's aid, and not to headquarters to give the alarm. It would take a little maneuvering, but I felt sure I could do it.

Walking briskly, without attempting to disguise the fact that I was evidently going somewhere with a purpose, I entered the woods which grew along-

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side the wall. Then, instead of proceeding straight toward the wall itself I deflected my course to a long diagonal.

I saw my guard give a little, almost imperceptible jerk of his head. He was signaling the man behind to pass us on the outside and to close in a little ahead. I slackened my pace a little, as was natural among the timber.

My guard was very alert and quite unable to disguise his suspicion that I was about to make an attempt to escape. Secure in the knowledge that his partner was just ahead of us, he fell a pace or two behind me, partly in the hope of encouraging me to make my dash straight into the ambush the other man had laid for me, partly to prevent my whirling about and trying to make off in the opposite direction.

For the second time I paused, turned, and looked quite frankly at my guard, and smiled a little. I doubt somewhat if I ever again experience so keen a thrill of exactly that sort of joy. I had a difficult thing to do, and I knew I should be able to do it.

I was meeting them at their own game. There is no doubt in the world that both of them were hoping that I would make exactly the attempt I planned. It would afford an excuse, if I were captured, to beat me insensible and put me in handcuffs or a straitjacket.

Unless I was greatly mistaken, my guard's free hand, half closed, was holding the leather-covered, leaden knob of a blackjack. Certainly there was something hard in his side-pocket that clanked when I brushed against it. I decidedly welcomed this state of things. It would have been hard to attack a kindly disposed and unsuspecting man.

Again I started on, affected to stumble on a root, and went sprawling forward. That ruse gave me just the added distance I needed from the man behind. In a flash I was on my feet again, rushing straight toward the other man, who, in the concealment of a clump of bushes, was waiting for me.

When he sprang from his hiding-place and confronted me, armed with a heavy bludgeon, I stopped short, just out of striking distance, and stood gazing, as if stupefied, straight into his face.

The other guard was coming up from behind. That was what I meant him to do. I waited—waited perhaps three interminable seconds until my ears told me the man had come close enough.

That guard who, behind my defenseless back, thought he had me at his mercy, had never heard of the terrible "turning-kick" of the French boxers.

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Whirling half around on one foot, the whole weight of my body and the momentum of my spring behind it, I sent my heavily shod heel crashing against his jaw. He went down like a ninepin.

That accounted for one. I had still to deal with the other.

The terror in this man's face hinted flight, and I could afford to take no chances of that. He was strong and big and there was something to be dreaded from his cudgel, no doubt, but once I could get inside the sweep of it, I knew I should be safe enough.

I moved quietly toward him, came near enough to draw a blow, a whistling sidewise cut that I had no trouble in dodging under. Then I knew he was mine. He was no more than a child in my hands, and in a moment I had him in the grip of knee and elbow, and was slowly, remorselessly, bending his great body backward.

Then, with a groan, he let the cudgel slip from his nerveless hands and slunk down, half fainting with pain and terror, at my feet. I tossed the cudgel away.

"I don't need that in dealing with you," said I. "I can kill you with my hands if you make it necessary. Lie still and don't attempt to cry out or I will do it."

I left him lying there, with no precaution whatever except to keep the corner of a watchful eye on him, and bent over his fallen comrade in some real concern.

Satisfied that I had done him no serious damage, I rapidly explored his pockets. They contained a pair of handcuffs, just as I had expected; and now there occurred to me a very good use for them.

I glanced swiftly about me, and in a moment found the thing that would answer my purpose—a root of an oak tree looping up out of the ground and then descending into it again. I tugged at it and satisfied myself that it would hold.

"Carry him over here," I ordered the second guard. Still half dazed and wholly cowed, he did as I said.

"Now," said I sharply, "stand still and you won't be hurt."

I snapped one-half of the manacle on the wrist of the fallen man, slid the other one under the root, and before he quite realized what had happened, the second guard was fast on the other side.

"Now," said I with some satisfaction, "you will be comfortable there for ever so long. Have you any money? If you have I want it. Will you get it out yourself, or shall I search you?"

He blustered a little, but presently with his free hand pulled out of his trouser's pocket what I am convinced

Continued on page 122.

Christmas for Craggs

Continued from page 76.

dered what had made the old fellow cry, for he *had* been crying.

It was a letter from someone who signed herself Eva Craggs. I saw this first and turning over the letter, read on. I didn't take it all in at first, and Craggs, bursting to tell me, wouldn't say a word till I was through.

"Then she's your daughter ?" I said.

"My little girl" murmured the old chap, and folded his precious letter and touched it with his lips, for all the world as gallant and chivalric as Fred Terry in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

The girl had never known where he was for years. He had got out of England quickly, and had become so ashamed of himself that he never bothered to write to her, he told me. He thought she was better off in ignorance of what he was and where he was.

"I determined that my little girl, stineless and binnercent of contact with the likes of me, through being a governess with a gentleman's family, should 'ear no more of 'er dad. But when I crossed to France, and I thought as 'ow I might never come back, I writ and told 'er wheer I was. From her letter, matey, she never seems to have received one from me. The first she 'eerd of me was through an ad. or something; I don't understand it proper."

"Never mind that part of it. Lots of people seem to have been writing to you for Christmas. There's nothing unusual in that, bless you."

He stared open-eyed.

"I don't understand wot 'as 'appened. But much as I'd like ter thank all who sent ter me, I'm more worked up over this 'ere letter and package from my little girl, my babe."

The old fellow burst out sobbing then and there. I tell you the sight of it unnerved me. This old good for nothing, besotted and drenched and stained with years of his vice, was crying like a little child. Finally he dried his tears.

"What did she send you ?" I asked.

His face lit up, and in the half-light I saw a wonderful smile spread over it.

"Wot did she send me ? Wot didn't she send me," and in his hilarity he smote me across the back, and laughed heartily. So near akin are laughter and tears !

"Send me ? She sent iverythin' as you could nyme. Cigarettes and a pipe, aye, and it must 'a cost all of 'arf a crown, it must. And a pouch for ter keep my baccy in, and 'arf a pound of good old twist. And chocolate — chocolate—my son, why ! blimy my old gums hasn't tysted a bit o' chocolate since I were a young 'un. What 'as she sent me ? Why, ter cap it all, a plum puddin ! S'elp me if she ain't."

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He was laughing or crying again, I don't know which it was.

"You must write and thank her tomorrow," I said. "You can't thank anybody for the other things, many as you got, but you'll want to get in touch with her again won't you?"

His voice was husky.

"Betcher," he said. "But, matey, I can't write no letter. Maybe if you looked it over I might get something down."

Behold me then on the morrow concocting a letter from Craggs to go to Eva. He wrote it, and I don't know whether the paper had more white than black when it was finished. But blotted and smudged though it was it had a wealth of tenderness and love behind it. Craggs dropped it into the bag, and turned to me.

"Watch me, my son," he said. "Watch me. I'm a'going to spruce up."

And he shambled away. He did spruce up though. He was still minus his money and therefore unable to buy any liquor, but from now on, somehow, he did without it. I saw the effects of it for three or four weeks. It pretty well broke him up. That's the devil of drink. It gets you, and it gets you hard. But there was an air of frank and manly independence about Craggs after he had weathered the blow a little that I had never seen before. His step became firmer, even jaunty. His eye took on a soberer quality. He was altogether firmer and stronger. The struggles the man made probably none but myself knew. He didn't discuss them much even with me, but I was aware of their biterness.

Meanwhile correspondence passed between him and his daughter. She had not seen him for many years. She must have guessed that he was still illiterate and mighty rough. What she imagined about the drink which—he told me—had been his failing when she knew him, I don't know.

Craggs continued to be an enigma in the bunch. They beheld the spectacle of this poor, old soaker straightening up, and they were, for the most part, highly skeptical as to its lasting. I was, too, at first, but I watched with pleasure his appearances on parade. Still shabby and ugly, he had now the touch which comes from a man trying to do his best to be something and look something. I was pleased. He often referred to the enigma of his multifarious Santa Claus. I don't think it ever really occurred to him to know how the ad. had appeared, for though his daughter told him she had seen it and marveled at his name being that one mentioned in the ad., he didn't know who was behind it. He guessed it was myself, but I lied, and so did the corporal and the postman. The puzzled

air with which he would speculate on his good angel's identity was too funny.

ONE day, well on in the New Year, we were ordered to the Front. Everybody was on tip-toe; many vaunting what they would do to Fritz; others quietly speculating on whether Fritz would leave anything of them. An atmosphere of hot excitement was all about us as we moved up, and took our positions. I had managed to stay near Craggs. He had become by now a sort of watch-dog. He never left my side if he could help it, and again and again he proved himself thoughtful on my behalf, took my guards now and then, and did little things for me. I confess I was attached to him. The development, the struggle and conflict of the old Craggs with Craggs Number 2 fascinated me. For the most part the newer Craggs won.

There is no need to describe our first engagement. In the melee at that terrible time, men fell on your right and left, tens of them, scores of them. It was not till after night fall and we withdrew that I discerned two forms carrying a stretcher. I wondered vaguely who it was, and right on the instant it flashed across me that I had not seen Craggs for hours.

One of the men beckoned to me. I joined them, and beheld Craggs, all that was left of him. His eyes were closed and an ugly dark stain discolored that abominably fitting tunic. But he still breathed awkwardly.

"You're his pal?" said one of the bearers.

I nodded.

"He's dying. Better come along."

They took him back to No. 3, and got him into bed. He did look a wreck, and the sight of that poor battered old derelict stricken just as he was trying to be, for the first time, of some use in the world, inflamed me more than any incident I had seen or read of in connection with this war.

Entering the hospital, my postman-corporal friend put a letter in my hand.

"For Craggs" he muttered. His face was white.

"You've seen him?"

He nodded. I took the letter and went in. He was hedged about with nurses and I could hardly tell whether he still lived or no. Presently he opened his eyes, stared for a little and then,

"Why, it's matey." He spoke with great difficulty.

I took his hand and knelt beside the tiny cot.

"Well, a nasty touch, friend," I said, doing my best to treat it as lightly as only that.

A shudder shook him. He tried to talk but could not. I held up the letter.

"Shall I read it?"

A Happy Christmas thought—

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The gift that adds to the good times at the moment; that indoors and out gives zest to the merry making *and then*—preserves the happy picture story of all that goes to make the day a merry one.

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A pathetic smile did its best to penetrate the fixed glare into which the pain had rendered his features. He did his best to bear it. He nodded slowly.

I slit the envelope, opened the letter, and was conscious of a start. There must be some mistake. Surely this could not have been sent to him.

"Wot—wot's—matter." He slurred the words and could only just get them out.

I looked at the nurse, then at the letter, then at him.

"Nothing, old fellow. Listen."

"Dear Daddy.

"It is so good to feel I have a daddy again. Fancy our finding each other the way we did. I can't believe it. It's wonderful. Your letters are so good. Poor, dead old daddy. Still the same aren't you, but for one thing. I am going to tell you of it. I don't know why, but I've got the impression that you've stopped the drink, and I feel so very, very glad.

"This horrid old war will soon be over, and we shall have each other again. Till then, Daddy dear, good bye

EVA."

His eyes streamed tears and sobs shook him. He forgot the wracking pain for a moment, and motioned to me to give him the letter. He tried to take it, but he couldn't lift his hand. I laid it near his lips, and he kissed it. That kiss was a holy thing.

"Fauncy her guessing" I barely made out his words.

"I'll come to-morrow, Craggs," I said, but I faltered, for I knew there would be no to-morrow.

His lips moved, ever so slightly.

I saw rather than heard the words, "Good-by matey."

I went out and left him. Pretty soon he too went out.

The real letter I showed to my friend the corporal. It was from Eva's newly gotten husband, a cruel, wicked letter forbidding Craggs, drunkard and forger, ever to write to Eva again!

"He made good," said my friend. "And he'll never know how rottenly he would have been repaid. For Christmas for Craggs found him his daughter, and the impulse to try again to be a man."

The Dictionary Man

Continued from page 81.

William Smith had torn it neatly out so as not to be reminded of the scene of years gone by.

Now, a fortnight before Mary was to be married, Mrs. Bowles came upon a twice folded sheet of paper which was lying on the floor of the little attic room. It was a dictionary page that had evidently fallen from her boarder's pocket. She opened it. It was headed "Falsehood, farrier." She looked down the column and found "fanfaron—a swaggering boaster."

"Mercy sakes! Is that all?" half gasped Mrs. Bowles to herself. She had had a full gasp ready in case the word proved to be as terrible as it sounded.

Now Mrs. Bowles was a woman of sense. Further she liked to see as much happiness as possible in the world. She took the page with her and penned a note to Mr George King of Petonia, Illinois. She enclosed the torn out page.

About a week later a piece of mail came for Mr. William Smith. He read it.

Dear Bill:

I have ceased being a fanfaron. No more flapdoodle for me. I think you'd like it in Petonia now. Come on back and we'll have a game of quoits.

Yours

GEORGE KING.

P.S.—One horseshoe seems to be missing.

William Smith handed the letter to Mrs. Bowles to read and almost bounded up the stairs. While he was discovering that flapdoodle was boastful talk Mrs Bowles was positively beaming at the thought of losing her best boarder.

The next day William Smith replied to the note.

Dear George:

As soon as I get through acting as bridesmaid at a wedding I'll be on the way to Petonia.

Yours

BILL SMITH.

P.S.—I think I know where the other horseshoe is.

Borrowed Plumage

Continued from page 90.

Once when she had whirled past a little group of chaperons she heard a voice ask:—

"Who *is* that pretty child in rose color?"

She felt guilty when she remembered the rouge on her cheeks, and decided at the very first opportunity to seek a mirror somewhere and stealthily wipe it off with her handkerchief.

She felt guilty, too, when Frank Fordham came up with that I-could-eat-you-right-up expression in his eyes, and suggested supper. If only he knew!

"Thank heaven he doesn't know—doesn't guess that I'm only a six-dollar-per, shopgirl," she reflected.

And such a supper! Such food Maida had only read about, certainly never expected to enjoy. The only coffee she had ever known was the muddy concoction of her landlady's table. *This*

coffee was clearest amber, and of the fragrance of ambrosia. Tall nodding carnations and creamy hothouse roses, veiled in trailing maidenhair fern and little knots of rich purple violets—these were all about, filling the air with their perfume.

"This is heaven—or as near to it as I'll ever be, in this world," said Maida to herself, while aloud she maintained a spirited conversation with those about her.

There was more dancing. About two o'clock Fordham and Maida were finishing their ices in one of the sitting-out corners, when the latter noticed that many of the guests were leaving.

"I must go," she said and sighed softly.

"Not yet. You haven't told me a thing—about *yourself* I mean. Do you live in the city?"

"Yes."

"Whereabouts?"

"I'm afraid—it wouldn't do to tell." said Maida, blushing.

He looked at her searchingly, and then laughed.

"Why not? Did you run away on Mamma to-night? Or escaped from boarding school? Are you a little runaway Cinderella of the golden slippers?"

"Yes—I—I'm a runaway. But you mustn't ask me any more." A sob caught Maida's throat. She blinked back a sudden mist of tears, and rose.

"Good-bye."

"What! You're not really going?"

"Yes, I must."

"Then may I see you home?"

Maida shook her head very decidedly.

"At least I can go to the foot of the stairs with you then." said Fordham, and did so.

They shook hands in the corridor.

"You can't think, what this evening has meant to me." said the young man, earnestly.

"It—it *was* too good to last," assented Maida

"But I mean my meeting *you*. I never—Oh hang it, I'm such a duffer at expressing myself! But I guess you know what I mean. *Can't* we meet again?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Why not?"

"Oh — conventions. Fate you know——"

"What about Fate? I defy it! Dont' let's bother about that kind of talk. Tell me straight, why we can't see each other again?"

"It would never, never do. We—I that is we move in such different circles——"

Maida broke off painfully. She had been about to reveal too much. And she didn't want this clear-eyed young man ever to find out what a fraud she was.

"Oh -yes. To be sure," he said rather quickly upon her last words. "We *do* belong to different worlds. I had forgotten. Perhaps — it is as well——"

He too, broke off. She looked up at him. He had stiffened and his eyes held a hurt look which Maida misinterpreted, however.

"Good-bye," she repeated gently.

"Good-bye, and thanks—thanks for the pleasantest evening of my life," said Fordham, simply.

The green crepe lady came to Maida's rescue once more by offering her a "*lift*" in her car, and Maida (who had completely forgotten the fact that she didn't own so much as five cents), accepted gratefully, and was put down at the corner drug-store near to her dingy boarding-place.

VIOLET GRAY, heavy-eyed with sleep, rose on her elbow in bed, as Maida lighted the gas.

"Why, you little old evening rambler!" she exclaimed, "Where you been honey?"

"I've been—*pulling the ropes*," replied Maida with a short laugh. "And I took you at your word Vi. Look at my borrowed feathers."

"'S' all right I'm sure. Didn't I tell you you'd look scrummy in that pink affair? But where've you been?"

"I'll never do it again," said Maida, penitently. Thank you just the same, for being so generous——"

"Come on Kid. Spill it," pleaded Violet, curiously.

Maida told her all—except the part about the fair-haired boy. Somehow she just couldn't talk about that part. Violet was loud in praise of the new departure.

"Now *that's* what I call making a good start! It just took that little scolding I gave you, to get you going. Now to-morrow night let's you and me go to——"

"No, Vi. I'll never *never* do such a thing again. Once is enough," said Maida firmly.

"Silly! Back out now after you done so well? Gee, I bet I wouldn't. What a nerve you have, dearie, to bull into the Carleton—of all places! You wanted to aim high while you were about it, eh?"

"I—I feel like a thief, somehow."

"Well, I never!"

"But I didn't seem to be myself, Vi. I was a changeling."

"You had the time of your life, though, didn't you?"

"Yes, I certainly did. But—I created a false impression with—some awfully nice people. I——"

"But you'll never likely meet the same ones again," comforted Violet, yawning. "So don't you care!"

"No—I'll never— meet—them again.

DELICIOUS CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS

Soak ½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 2 tablespoonfuls cold water 5 minutes. Mix 1 cups granulated sugar and ¼ teaspoonful cream of tartar together, add ½ cup cold water and boil until syrup is clear. Stir soaked gelatine the moment it is dissolved and turn in a pan that has been wet but not scraped. When partially cool add 1 teaspoonful peppermint (scant measure) or vanilla, and beat until creamy and stiff enough to form in centres. Place small pieces of confectioners dipping chocolate over hot water and melted. Remove and drop centres one at a time into chocolate and place on paraffine paper.

THIS year make candy for home use or put up gift boxes for your friends. Here are two good candy recipes. There are many more in our book, as well as recipes for Jellies, Desserts, Salads, and a wholesome, easily digested CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING, which would be a treat for your Christmas dinner.

KNOX

SPARKLING GELATINE

CHRISTMAS DAINTIES

Soak 2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1½ cups boiling water. When dissolved, add 4 cups granulated sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into 2 equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to 1 part ½ teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavoring found in separate envelope, dissolved in 1 tablespoonful water, and 1 tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add ½ teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and set aside to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors and colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

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but the great value of Baby's Own Soap is its creamy softening lather which cleanses and beautifies the skin
Doctors and nurses recommend Baby's Own.
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Sold everywhere.
Best for Baby Best for You

That's true," and smothering a sigh Maida crept into bed, only to bound out again—the one night of big life had almost made her forget her prayers.

FOR a time after this episode, Maida's life contained a certain zest. Her days were not so commonplace. Her usually dreary hours behind the glove counter were filled with delightful speculations, fascinating little day-dreams, hopes, fears, tremors—that is, whenever there was no rush-hour or bargain-sale on. For there was always the possibility that some day the fair-haired boy would pass her counter!

So Maida sold gloves and waited and watched the hurrying throngs. She searched the sea of faces for one particular face. She was ever on the alert for the well-built though slim figure she had last seen in correct evening clothes. He would probably be in natty tweeds or outing flannels next time, she reflected. Spring had waned and summer was at hand.

Of course she told herself, it was all very absurd. What if she did see him again? He would probably not recognize *her*. She told herself she was silly to watch for him on the street-cars, because people of his class always rode in motors.

Sometimes she fancied he would come and ask to be shown some very elegant cape-leather gloves, the most expensive line she sold—and she would rehearse the scene to herself, the quick recognition in his eyes, the polite inquiries about herself, and then his gradual withdrawing away in reserve, when he had learned that she had always been merely a shopgirl. At the end of these "private rehearsals," Maida's eyes would fill with bitter tears.

But summer came and went and still he did not come. The shortening days paradoxically became longer to Maida. The hours lagged by on leaden feet. Business itself became slack. Customers were not buying gloves. They were saving their glove money, apparently, for the real necessities of living. Times were hard.

So the various department heads began to "lay off" hands. Maida found a blue card in her pay envelope one Thursday night. She was to be "laid off" on Saturday night, in company with three others in her department.

As if in sympathy with the situation, Saturday was rainy.

The umbrella department next to the gloves, did a rushing business. So the glove manager, like the wily old campaigner he was, announced a wash-glove sale and hurried reduced price cards up all around the circle.

Goldie Baxter was furious. As she was to "go" too this night, she did

not mince her words or lower her voice. As the overflow crowds began to drift along from the umbrella section and surge three-deep about the gloves, with women pawing over the boxes and demanding to be waited upon, Goldie spoke her mind aloud.

"The old geezer knew what he was doin' all right all right," she grumbled to Maida. "Knows he's got us here till six an' goin' to get his money's worth. Look at that dame trying on Kids! Well I'll just let her do it an' then when she has 'em stretched she'll have to cough up the price. Dearie, where are them eight-buttons?".

"Lower drawer, on the left behind me," answered Maida.

"Gee, look at us killin' ourselves!" went on Goldie as she vigorously pulled box after box out and slammed them down on the counter." Ain't we the fools? I'm that rushed my head's buzzin; I feel like a squirrel in a revolvin'-cage: J' ever see such a jam—an' Sat'day mornin' too? I was just saying to Mabel—no madam the size six in that line is all sold out—I was just sayin' to Mabel—oh bother, what *was* I talkin' about?"

"Never mind," said Maida with a smile. "I haven't got time to listen just now."

A HAUGHTY floorwalker who was patrolling the adjacent area paused a moment to direct a gentleman to the glove section.

"Can you show me——?" he began.

"No, I can't," snapped Goldie. "If you're from Missouri go on up to that little girl—second from the end. She's got no end of patience. Don't talk to me or I'll—I'll blow up!"

With a sympathetic smile the gentleman went on to the girl with the unlimited stock of patience.

Maida had just concluded negotiations with a weary-faced mother of three children, and was folding up a heterogeneous assortment of gloves when a well bred courteous voice said:—

"Can you show me a pair of machinist's cotton gloves—size nine. I——"

Then Maida raised her eyes. They met a pair of grey ones. Twenty seconds passed while their eyes held.

"You!" exclaimed the man, at length.

"You!" breathed the girl, her lips apart, a slow flush mounting to her cheeks.

"I've searched 'the city for you," went on Frank Fordham, in glad, eager tones. "And now I've found you."

"You've searched—for *me*?"

"Everywhere! Your name isn't in the City Directory. I was completely at a loss. I used to watch the crowds in the street. Oh girl, girl! Thank

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Many ladies make a point of having a cup of Oxo before they leave home. It fortifies them against the cold and is wonderfully sustaining.

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If you are interested in a proposition that would increase your income during your course in college, write us at once and we will send you full particulars by first mail.

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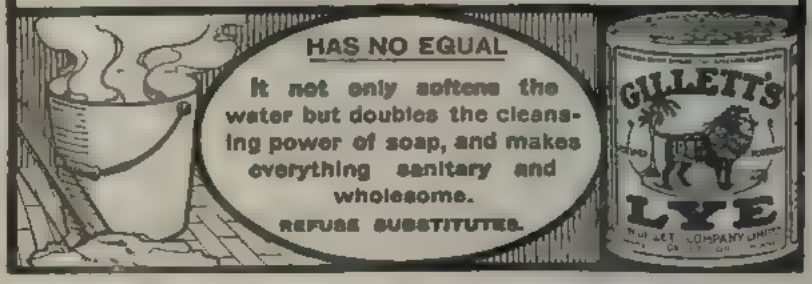
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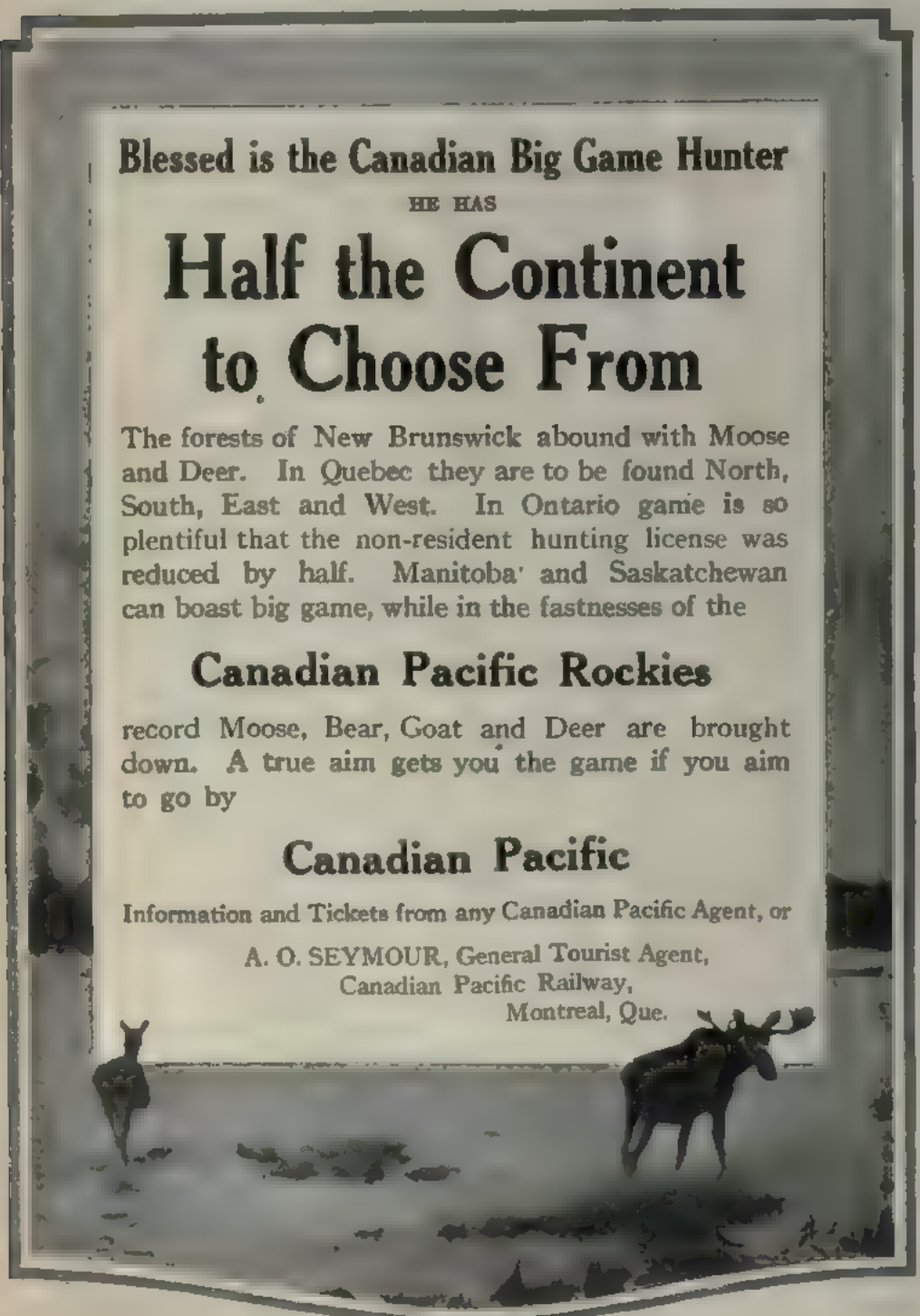

heaven! To think I've found you at last!"

"You're surprised—I mean to see me *here*?"

"Well, rather! You see I thought—oh hang it! Can't we go away to some quiet place and talk?"

"My lunch hour comes in five minutes."

"Good! Let's go over to Hector's then. Shall we?"

"All right. But what did you want to buy?"

"I've completely forgotten! All I can think of is the glorious fact that I've found Little Miss Runaway."

"I believe I remember you said something about cotton gloves," began Maida, struggling hard to be calm.

"Oh, yes. But never mind. I'm in no hurry."

"Here they are. Take your choice."

"These will do," said Fordham taking up a pair at random. "These are good stout canvas—just what I require. You see I'm a machinist and I use——"

"*Machinist*!"

"In the printing department of the *Daily Star*."

"But——"

"You seem puzzled. What did you think I was? Did you imagine I led a life of gilded ease?"

He laughed at the growing wonder in her eyes.

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed. "You are finding it hard to account for my dress-suit. Well—it was borrowed."

"Borrowed?"

"Carey, one of the reps—reporters you know—being a pal of mine, gave me an invitation to that ball, and I didn't have the duds so was nearly declining it but one of the other men, Hanley (a chap just my size and figure), loaned me his glad rags for the occasion."

"Carey? That was the young man, the dark one, who danced with the girl in green crepe?"

"The same. Good old scout. He was on the committee you know. Now won't you tell me *your* little story?"

"The tale of *my* adventure in Bohemia? Yes. I'll tell you at lunch."

"By the way," said Fordham, "the old man—pardon, I mean the boss—gave me a raise last week, and there are some—er—very nice little bungalows for sale or to rent out at Briercrest, that new lakeside subdivision you know. Do you think—that is, would it be too premature to ask—oh hang it, I mean couldn't you and I go out and look them over, with a view to——"

But just then Maida's luncheon gong sounded. However, as she slipped out from behind the counter she sent a flashing and somewhat mischievous smile up at the young mechanic.

"I adore bungalows," she murmured, softly.

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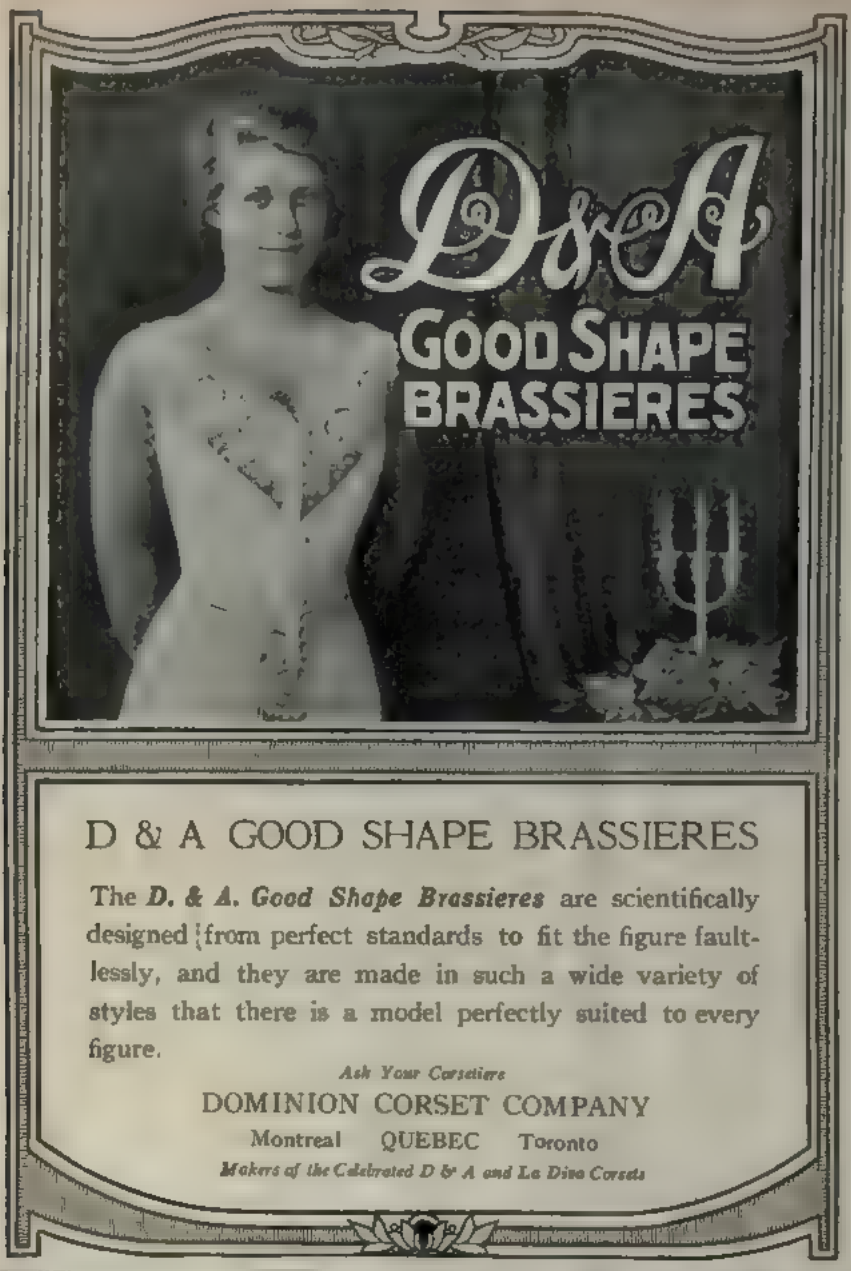

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Gregory Morton Mystery

Continued from page 112.

was all he had—three dirty one-dollar bills and some small change.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"What do you want to know that for?" he demanded.

"So I can send the money back, of course," said I. "Did you think I was a pickpocket?"

He told me his name at that; and I will say here that I have since sent him his money, and I imagine him to be an extremely surprised man.

"There," said I, "I am much obliged. Now I will give you a bit of advice. I suppose the minute I get over that wall you mean to begin to shout for help. Now this is the advice: Don't do it; lie still. Pretend you are as unconscious as this other poor beggar h[illegible]

"Let him come to and shout for help. Then you will be able to let him explain to Dr. Berry how it all happened. You have a chance to keep your job, if you act on that idea. If you begin to bawl for help now, that job will last you just about till sundown."

He did not say whether he meant to take my advice or not, and I had to scramble over the wall and set out on the highroad without knowing whether the chase was to be hot on my heels or not.

"The aeroplane is in its infancy yet."

"Then it's a wonderfully precious infant."

"In what way?"

"It's already going the pace that kills."

Psychology in Salesmanship

Continued from page 92.

glanced out the window the little artist was back at her work.

"I wtached her for a few moments in silence. She was drawing the same picture and when it was finished she drew it again, and then again. My curoisity was aroused and I slipped out to the alley door. I took with me a big yellow orange—our firm was a wholesale fruit concern—and opened preliminaries by by tossing the fruit into her lap. She seized it and with the same convulsive movement scrambled to her feet ready to run. It took honeyed words and many friendly smiles to win her to a point where she would sit herself and talk in queer, gaspy little tones. She told me of her father, a drunkard, and her mother, who was worse. And she remembered faintly another home, before her father drank and her mother was forced to the streets. It must have been a comfort-

able one and I gathered her father had been a bookkeeper or office man of some sort.' A very drab, sordid little tale, a child's impression of a human cog that had slipped its bearings and fallen.

"It was the picture she had drawn in the mud, however, that I wanted to know about. At first she would not tell me and a faint red shone for a moment in her cheeks. A bribe of another orange brought the answer in a jerky tumult of words. She was drawing a coffin. I stared in horror and shocked amusement. Why should a child of six draw coffins, only coffins, and do it in a manner that showed her thoughts were often if not always upon the grim receptacles? She told me.

" 'A loidy tol me dat I could jist rest fer all de time in 'em. Dat it wuzzen't hot er cold in 'em and dey wuz soft and real silk and satin.'

"I probed deeper. A little neighbor boy had died and when the district charity worker came to bring relief and help to the family, Nellie had stopped her and demanded to know why her former playmate was 'in a box. The 'loidy' had evidently tried to soften the reality of death and the little one's mind had placed its own construction on her words. I shivered in spite of myself as I thought of my little girl at home and wondered what I would do if I knew she was longing for a coffin 'to rest in'.

"I HAD intended to tell my wife of the incident that night, but I forgot it some way and a rush of business the next day and for many days thereafter drove the pale child from my mind. When I did remember her I walked out in the alley and looked about. I saw no one. At the mouth of the alley the sun was shining and a little white hearse went glittering by. No one ever spoke to me of the subject, but I knew then, as I know now, that Nellie had found her 'silk and satin resting place.' It threw a gloom on my day and in the after days I thought of her often. In some way I found myself picturing my little one in an alley armed with a stick and drawing horrible things in the slime. The thing bothered me more and more and finally I told my wife the story and my fears. Suppose I should die some night and you and the little one were left alone. What would happen? What would happen? I asked. The wife led me to the window and pointed across the street where the light from a street lamp shone upon a board fence. Across it was painted an advertisement of a famous insurance company. I nodded my head without speaking. I slept that night better than I had in days and I secured a policy as soon as I could go through the preliminaries."

You may want to change your automobile, or your piano, or even your home—but you will never want to change the COFFEE, when once you taste the delectable flavor of Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE.

In ½, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole—ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk.

182

Trust Us! Why?

The London Life Insurance Company Maketh Good At All Times

A Promise fulfilled wins "Golden Opinions."

An "Estimate" may glitter like gold but the Insurance Law no longer allows estimates.

When building the London Life Insurance Company, we made promises that were reasonable. That led some people to think us slow and unprogressive. But look at the result.

We are now paying our Policyholders profits that are from thirty to forty per cent. greater than we promised fifteen years ago. Our promises turned out to be, "Good as Gold"—with some extra gold thrown in.

We are still doing business on exactly the same safe lines. From our Policyholders of the past we have won "Golden Opinions" and we are prepared to win the same from you.

You may trust us.

The London Life Insurance Company

London : Ontario : Canada

81

Win This

Overland 75 Touring Car

in $1000.00 other Fine Prizes

First Prize 1917 5-Passenger Overland Touring Car. Completely Equipped.

What groceries did Brown advertise?

List of Groceries kept in John Brown's Store

Apples
Catsup
Biscuits
Pickles
Tea
Tomatoes
Allspice
Baking Powder
Coffee
Farina
Rolled Oats
Stove Blacking
Dates
Cabbage
Flour
Matches
Soap
Molasses
Butter
Mustard
Borax
Oranges
Sugar
Vinegar

HERE'S A REAL PUZZLER FOR WISE HEADS

JOHN BROWN is noted for being the livest merchant in town because of the novel way in which he advertises and creates interest in his well known grocery store. Recently Mr. Brown presented a clever problem to his customers. It is one that will give much amusement and entertainment to every puzzle lover. Look at this picture of Mr. Brown's Store, and you will see his idea. He carefully covered the labels of the boxes, barrels, and bins containing fourteen of the staple lines of his stock. Then he engaged a clever cartoonist and had him draw a series of puzzle pictures to be used as labels to represent the names of the hidden goods. The Artist caught the spirit of the idea, and at once drew picture No. 2 to represent currants (currants). Then he drew picture No. 4 as a label for tomatoes (Tom-eight-O's). With these two names to start you and the grocery list at the left of the picture by way of suggestion can you find what the other twelve represent?

2nd Prize—Famous Indian Motorcycle. Value $300.00

1917 Overland Touring Car

FIRST PRIZE FOR THE BEST REPLY

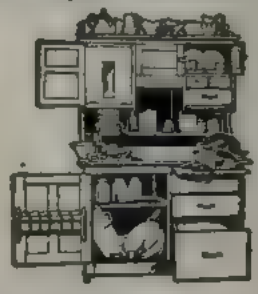
$1,000.00 IN OTHER GRAND PRIZES TO BE AWARDED

They include—

$300.00 Indian Motorcycle	$60.00 High Oven Range
Cabinet Phonograph and Records	Waltham Watches
$45.00 1917 Cleveland Bicycle	$50.00 Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet
$48.00 Singer Sewing Machine	Perfection Oil Range
Cabinet of Rogers Silverware	1900 Washing Machine
Handsome Mahogany Dressing Table	Wrist Watch
and a host of other Grand Prizes too numerous to mention here.	Beautiful Sets of Books

BIG COMPLETE PRIZE LIST SENT TO YOU DIRECT

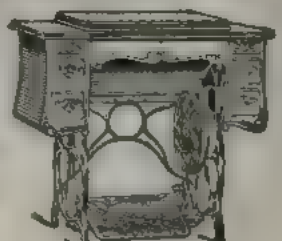
3rd Prize—Clare Bros. Famous High Oven Range, Value $60.00



5th Prize—Hoosier "Hoosier Beauty" Kitchen Cabinet

THIS CONTEST IS ABSOLUTELY FREE OF EXPENSE TO ALL
You are not asked to spend a cent of money or buy anything

9th Prize—Fine Cabinet Phonograph Complete With 6 Records



4th Prize—Genuine Singer Drop Head Sewing Machine

A FEW HINTS—To aid you a little a suggested list of groceries kept in Brown's Store is alongside the picture. A good plan is to study the list and write down the name which in your opinion best fits each picture. All the names represent articles in everyday use and which are to be found in any grocery store. No trademark names or special manufacturers' names are used, so with these few hints and a little thinking you should be able to solve all the pictures. Note that 10 points toward the prizes are given for each correct answer and that if your answers gain only 200 points you win first prize. (See Rules).

THE OBJECT OF THE CONTEST—Frankly this great event is intended to advertise and introduce Everywoman's World, Canada's Greatest Magazine, to hundreds of new homes, who should know that a magazine of such excellence and real worth is being published right here in Canada by Canadians for Canadians. You can easily help us to do this when you enter the contest, but you do not have to be a subscriber nor are you asked or expected to take the magazine or spend a single penny in order to compete and win the touring car or one of the other magnificent prizes.

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD is now the established favorite in more than 130,000 of Canada's best homes. Though that is the greatest circulation ever attained by any Canadian magazine, it doesn't satisfy us. Our motto is "Everywoman's World in Every Woman's Home." Hundreds of Canadian homes which may not know it now, will welcome this handsome, interesting, up-to-the-minute magazine, and once it is introduced, they will want it every month.

Therefore, when your answers are received, we will write and tell you the number of points you have gained toward the prizes, and send you Free a copy of the latest issue of this greatest of Canada's magazines. Then, in order to qualify your entry, we will ask you to do us the small favor of introducing it to just five friends or neighbors. We will even send you sample copies to leave with each of your friends. If you wish. State your willingness to accord this favor when you submit your answers. The company agrees to pay you in cash, or reward you with a handsome gift for your trouble, entirely in addition to any prize your entry may win in the contest.

Follow These Simple Rules When Sending Your Entry

1. Write your answers in pen and ink, using one side of the paper only. Put your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Anything other than your name and address and your answers to the picture must be on a separate sheet. Do not send fancy, drawn nor typewritten entries.

2. Boys and Girls under 16 years of age are not allowed to compete. Nor are the members and employees of the Continental Publishing Co., Limited, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, nor any of their relatives or friends.

3. Contestants will be permitted to submit as many as three sets of answers to the puzzle, but only one set can be awarded a prize.

4. If different members of a family compete, only one prize will be awarded in one family or household.

5. The final awards will be made by a Judging Committee of three Toronto gentlemen who have no connection with this firm and contestants must agree to abide by the decisions of the Judges. The names of the Judges and the manner of the judging will be made known to all contestants. The prizes will be awarded according to the number of points gained by each entry. 900 Points, which is the maximum, will secure first prize. 10 Points will be awarded for each correct answer, 20 for the general neatness and appearance of the entry, 30 for handwriting and 50 for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. The contest will close April 30th, 1917, immediately after which the judges will award the prizes. Entries should be forwarded promptly.

6. Each competitor will be required to show the sample copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD which we shall send, to four or five friends or neighbours who will want to subscribe. For this service the Company guarantees to reward you with cash payment or a valuable prize. Such rewards to be entirely in addition to any prize your answers may win in the contest.

7. Contestants are not required to be subscribers or readers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD nor are they asked to subscribe or to buy anything. In awarding the prizes, the judges will have no knowledge of whether the entry comes from a subscriber or not.

Address, Contest Editor, Everywoman's World, Continental Publishing Co., Limited 121 Continental Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Current Events

Continued from page 104.

Evolution of Trench Tanks

THE story of how the trench "tank" motor cars were developed is of especial interest as it deals with one of the most successful offensive agents developed by the War Office. A writer in the *Toronto Mail and Empire* reviews the story of the "tank" in the following:

Who deserves chief credit for the invention of the famous British "tanks"? In the opinion of the *Pall Mall Gazette* it is Commodore Sueter, whose name was mentioned with the names of two or three others by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons. The *Mail and Empire* correspondent in London interviewed a Canadian and inspected plans which contained the germ of the "tank" idea and which had been submitted to the War Office some time ago, but it appears that by this time the tank had been worked out independently by other inventors. Commodore Sueter is a man who might well be expected to handle any problem in a highly original and successful way, and since he was concerned with the invention of the tanks, it is only natural for those who know his record to give him the lion share of credit. A few years ago he was recognized as the leading British authority upon submarines, and his work upon organizing this branch of the service is still regarded as the standard. Later on he turned his attention to aeroplanes, and has been called the maker of the Royal Naval Air Service.

The experiments which finally led to the perfected tank were begun early in the war by the naval authorities when they decided that it was necessary to have an aeroplane base in Dunkirk, with temporary bases as far inland as possible. It became necessary to devise some sort of armored support cars that could go from Dunkirk to the other bases with equipment and supplies, and successfully run the gauntlet of rifle fire. Experiments were at once begun by Commander Sampson, who has frequently been mentioned in connection with aerial work, to produce such a car. It had to be got together at once, to be built in fact almost over night. Several were put on the road, but they were not successful, the steel plates not being thick enough to resist rifle fire at point blank range. Eventually, however, cars were built which were capable of making fair speed and carrying heavy enough plates to ensure the safety of the occupants from ordinary rifle or machine-gun fire.

The exploits of these cars attracted

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BRISCOE

First, and most important, is the question of SAFETY. You cannot afford to overlook this feature of the BRISCOE "4-24." The Bailey gearless differential, which drives BOTH rear wheels, prevents side sway and reduces the risk of skidding or slipping.

Next comes EASE of CONTROL. This car is a universal favorite with women, because they can change the gears with their finger tips, and the slightest pressure operates the clutch and brake pedals.

And finally—PRICE. The BRISCOE "4-24" is not a high priced car. It brings the joy of motoring within reach of all.

Price:—Touring Car or 4-Passenger Roadster, complete with Electric Lighting and Starting System, Full Elliptic Springs, front and rear, Demountable Rims, Gasoline Gauge, Ammeter, Trouble Light Socket, Automatic Switch with Key Lock, Speedometer, Horn, Tools, Repair Kit, etc.

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"SUPER-BONE" CORSETS

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FLEXIBLE AS THE BODY ITSELF unbreakable and non-rustable, gives absolute freedom with perfect support. Tall or short, stout or slim, there is a model to suit your figure.

Ask your corsetiere.

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The Body-Building Power of BOVRIL

In the recent independent scientific experiments with BOVRIL on Human Beings, reported to the British Medical Association, an amount of Bovril proportionate to the small dark circle has been proved to produce an increase in flesh and muscle corresponding to the large light one, showing the Body-Building Power of Bovril to be

10 to 20 times the amount taken

S.H.B.

"It must be BOVRIL"

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A college education for any young man or young woman is now recognized as a tremendous help to success in life.

If you really want to secure an education that will be of value to you all your life, tell us what College, Conservatory or Technical School in any Province of Canada you wish to attend and we will tell you how you can realize your ambition without cost to yourself.

You can't loose—you can't help winning. Let us tell you about it anyway.

Canada Monthly Agency - Toronto, Ont.

the attention of the War office, which was then trying to devise something along the same lines, but apparently the army stuck to its own plans, and the navy was left to develop the "land ship." Commodore Sueter had seen the armored cars at Dunkirk, and had a mass of information concerning them. He knew their advantages and their defects and it became his duty to eradicate the latter. The most glaring weakness of the armored cars was their failure to offer any protection at all from snipers above them. Riflemen in trees or on housetops could pick off the occupants of the cars with ease. Commodore Sueter then thought of the turret top, which was accordingly recommended. This added materially to the weight of the cars, but it was found that there were several standard chassis capable of sustaining it, and so after much experimental work the turret-topped cars were produced.

These cars carried only machine guns, and it was realized that they would be much more effective if they could carry a gun capable of hurling a small shell. This, of course, involved added weight and the strengthening of the whole structure of the car; but the naval authorities tackled the problem, and Commodore Sueter was presently able to produce a car that could carry a heavy gun, was mobile, and could resist gunfire, its occupants being absolutely protected. It seemed that the "land battleship" had been evolved, and Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher both approved of it. Sir Percy Scott, however, threw cold water on the scheme, and argued that the size of the new car would make it an easy target for hostile artillery, and that it would be wrecked before it could be brought into action. It was admitted, of course, that against heavy artillery fire the tank could not survive.

Instead of then abandoning the idea with which he had grappled for nearly two years, Commodore Sueter hit upon the notion of adapting the Pedrail system to the "land battleship." Immediately all information upon the subject was gathered from the British Isles and the United States, and it was not long before the builders of the tanks were able to give Mr. Churchill, Lloyd George and others a demonstration of the powers of the "caterpillar" in forcing wire entanglements and surmounting obstacles. It was then decided that the idea had been carried far enough to be of great practical value, and orders were given for the building of a large number of the tanks. They were constructed in England with the greatest secrecy, and when they appeared in France they astonished the British soldiers as greatly as the Germans. Whether they will continue to be effective after the Germans

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Write to-day for Catalogue. It is FREE.

We send Diamonds to any part of Canada for inspection at our expense. Payments may be made Weekly or Monthly.

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Then why use carbon paper that is the wrong finish, weight and manifolding power?

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This modern, handsome, Made-in-Canada line is the ultimate in efficient steel equipment. Write, please, for illustrated literature.

THE DENNIS WIRE AND IRON WORKS COMPANY, LIMITED,

LONDON CANADA.

have learned all about them remains to be decided.

School Athletics

A DEPARTURE has this year been made in the Summer School for teachers in introducing a series of games and athletics not only for the personal benefit of the teachers themselves as a pleasant relaxation from study but to enable them to set the pace in healthful games and recreation for their pupils, says the Charlottetown Guardian. An hour each day, after regular classes, is devoted to sport, games and athletics on the college grounds. The idea will commend itself to all who are interested in the work of our schools. Healthful exercise is a necessity to the young and it is essential that their physical exercises should be prudently supervised and directed. Games and contests of skill and strength by the children from the foundation work upon which the co-operation of after years is to be carried out, and these, iee all successful and beneficial coperation, must be carried out in oproper manner.

More About the Sinn Fein

MAJOR STUART-STEPHENS is finding in the hospitable pages of The English Review an opportunity of publishing to the world a mass of unique information about the Sinn Fein organization which has hitherto apparently been lost to view in Government pigeon holes. To the July number he contributes a very interesting article on "The Secret Constitution of the Shin Fane," and reprints certain extracts from the code of laws adopted by the Divisional Executive of the Munster Province of the I. R. B.—a code which shows in parts strong traces of Teutonic origin or influence. The 1st, 48th, and 49th Rules are of peculiar interest:—

1. No man is to be admitted into the I. R. B. or to be recognized as a citizen or soldier of the Republic until he has taken the oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic, *which will be declared within six months following the outbreak of war between England and Germany.*

48. *It shall be the duty of every Centre to forward to his own "V" for transmission to the President of Public Safety all cases of treachery, etc., in his Circle with an accurate description of the offenders, and it shall be the duty of every Centre to preserve the black list given to him for reference whenever needed.*

49. Any Centre or other member of *the Circle's Executive losing or mislaying any dangerous document, such as these rules, to be forever expelled from the ranks of the I.R.B.*

for Sore Muscles

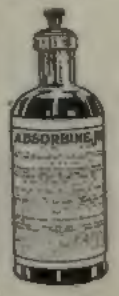
here is an antiseptic germicide liniment—one that is healing, cooling and soothing. Absorbine, Jr., is more than a germicide, more than a liniment—it is both. It means prompt relief from aches and pains; keeps little cuts and bruises from becoming more serious.

Absorbine, Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

It is especially good for children's hurts because it is so harmless and safe to use—made of pure herbs and positively non-poisonous.

Use Absorbine, Jr., wherever a high-grade liniment or germicide is indicated. To reduce inflammatory conditions—sprains, wrenches, swollen veins or muscles.



To reduce bursal enlargements—weens, weeping sinews.

To allay pain anywhere—its anodyne effect is prompt and lasting.

To heal cuts, bruises and sores.

Only a few drops required at an application.

$1.00 a bottle at druggists or postpaid.

A Liberal Trial Bottle

will be sent you upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps.

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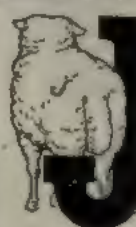

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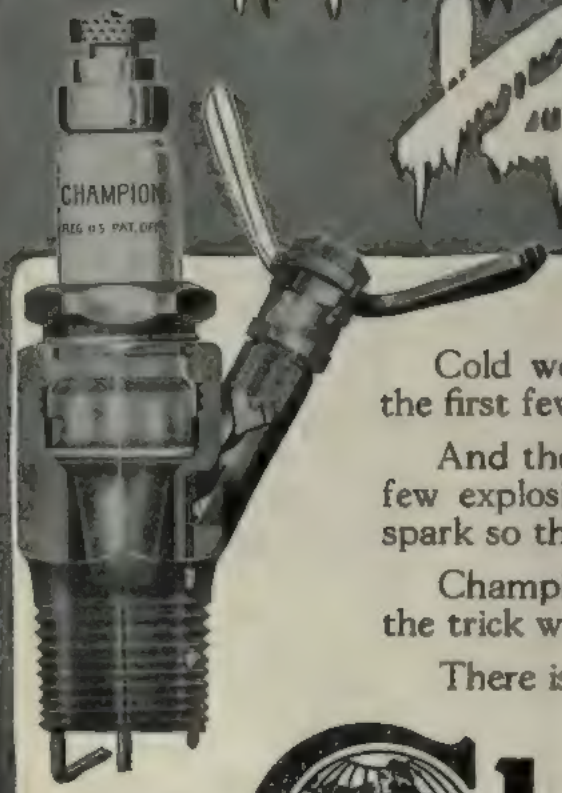
Start on the first ¼ turn.



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There is no other way so reliable.

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Are necessary winter equipment for every automobile. They are on sale everywhere and cost only $1.25 each. They are simple, effective and can't get out of order.

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